

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

America's White-Winged Messenger of Peace



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Dec.
1918

The New
National

The Ideal Ship of a Thousand Sails Bearing the Material Blessings
of Sustenance and Succor to War-Torn Europe



Stand Up and Be Counted

The Greatest Mother in the World is counting her children.

She wants your name—and yours—and yours—the names of all her children.

So, stand up, you men and women of America—stand up and be counted.

Let The Greatest Mother in the World see what a big, proud family she has.

You've given your share to your Red Cross—given it generously—and you'll give your share again when the time comes.

Right now your Red Cross wants your name—not a contribution—wants to know that *you* are a member—pledged to help her.

The Greatest Mother in the World wants to know who her children are before Christmas.

Give your name and a dollar to the next Red Cross Worker who asks you for it.

Answer "Present" at the *Christmas Red Cross Roll Call*.

Stand up and be counted you children of The Greatest Mother in the World.

All you need is a Heart and a Dollar

RED CROSS CHRISTMAS ROLL CALL

December 16-23

Contributed Through Division of
Advertising



United States Gov't Comm. on
Public Information

This space contributed for the Winning of the War by
The 8,000 Rexall Drug Stores of America

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Mostly about People

DECEMBER
1918

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They Have Not Died *in* Vain

By MAITLAND LE ROY OSBORNE

THEY have not died in vain—those boys
 With young souls undefiled—
 With eyes that gazed serene on Death;
 With lips that even smiled!

They have not died in vain—the road
 Their swift young feet have trod
 Leads straight and shining to the heights
 Of the Mansion House of God!

They have not died in vain—our eyes
 Now dim with anguished tears,
 Shall shine with pride and glory thru
 The passing of the years.

They have not died in vain—we hear
 The thunder of the guns
 That toll with measured cadences
 God's vengeance on the Huns!

They have not died in vain—the wombs
 That gave those heroes birth
 Brought forth a finer breed of men
 To clarify the earth.

They have not died in vain—those boys!
 Their blood that stains the sod
 Of France and Flanders is their gage
 Of sacrifice to God!

They have not died in vain—we know!
 The world's a sweeter place
 To live in since they gave their lives
 To save the human race.

And surely He who walked the earth
 Shall grasp those groping hands,
 And guide their faltering footsteps till
 They reach the Pleasant Lands.

For if a sparrow shall not fall
 Unknown of Him on High—
 How surely were it not in vain
 For those brave boys to die!

Oh, mourning mothers of our land,
 From Florida to Maine,
 Take comfort to your hearts, because
 "They have not died in vain!"



Drawings courtesy of Erwin & Wasey, Chicago



Affairs at Washington

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

WORLD events were whirling in Washington during the early days of December. There were busy times at the White House and departments preparing for the President's departure to attend the peace conference. Opinion was sharply divided as to the advisability of his going, but it was evident early that the President had made up his mind to go.

In the State Department, Secretary Lansing was meeting the battery of eyes of the newspaper men calmly while cables were tingling with news of importance; nations in the making and chaotic conditions following the peace days called for cool heads and clear thinking. The Bolsheviks were having its run with the influenza, but in the light of peace it was felt that the national relations will be established on an enduring basis.

Secretary Baker smoked his pipe as vigorously as ever and tackled the problems of demobilization as he faced the avalanche of inquiries and the disappointed officers who did not get to France. The new ships were looked upon as a godsend to bring back the soldiers, as England has use for the tonnage loaned in getting soldiers over, in returning the Canadian and Colonial armies home after two to four years of hard service.

The country has recovered from its exultation over the signing of the armistice, an event that will long be remembered in

many a village, town, and hamlet. There was no preparation, no propaganda, but the greatest demonstration the country ever witnessed occurred on that historical day of November 11th. The scenes in Washington on Peace Day, when everybody instinctively left everything to rejoice, were only an indication of what prevailed all over the country on the flash of the wire that the armistice had been signed and peace had dawned. Returned army officers frankly confessed it came with a crack and sooner than expected, and now it is felt that it will be a battle of brains and diplomacy to bring about an adjustment that will conserve the objects for which the war was fought and the full fruits of victory for the cause of democracy.

In the State Department there was a rush for passports, but the Government held a stiff hand. It revealed the fact that thousands of refugees in foreign countries were in Europe ready to go back and look after their homes and property.

Secretary Daniels was spending a half day at his old office and the other half in the new Navy Building, meeting the demands of Peace Day, which seemed more strenuous than war time. The reports of the Navy and War Departments are interesting reading, showing how the government had planned some startling armament for the exigencies of a long war.

Now that the great war is over, the age-old economic contest



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WAR-TIME WASHINGTON FROM WASHINGTON MONUMENT

A picture made from the same spot one year ago, would have shown only three of the fifteen buildings in the foreground—the Pan-American Building (lower center), the D. A. R. Hall and the American Red Cross Building, both shown in the lower right-hand corner. The building with the three wings (upper right), is occupied by the Interior Department and is a permanent structure, as is the tall building just in front of it. Back of the Red Cross is a temporary building to take care of the overflow from the main building. Back of the D. A. R. Hall and the Pan-American Building are the temporary structures housing the Council of National Defense, the Food Administration, the Fuel Administration and various branches of the War Department. At the left is seen one of the buildings under construction. The rectangular patch at the lower left is what remains of a tennis court in Potomac Park, a big pleasure ground on which more of these buildings are now being erected.

that intervenes and causes war, will be resumed. The next generation will have much to think and talk about. The elections, however, somewhat disturbed the political prophets, indicating a steady swing toward a change. The Republicans in control of Senate and House will make the *Congressional Record* a little more lively reading than for some time past for the Presidential campaign of 1920. The President delivered his message in person to Congress before sailing, following the precedent which he has established of transacting his business with legislative bodies, and now with peace conferences, face to face.

*Inland Waterways
Navy's Second Line of Defense*

IN one corner of the House Office Building there are three rooms which might be called the "University of Deeper Waterways or Inter-coastal Canals." Hon. John H. Small has been in Congress over two decades, and in that score of years no one has been more devoted than he to the study and development of this great cause. Admiral Benson said, "The rivers reaching from Maine to Florida, inside, are the second line of defense for the navies." It is thru these arteries that coal and supplies can be shipped in defiance of the submarine. If canals had been considered in plans for war preparation, there would be no coal famine in New England. It would seem sometimes that the projects that are close at hand and have a profitable value must always give precedence to those of a more spectacular aspect, which play on the vanity of the nation.

These three rooms of the Rivers and Harbors Committee contain a compendium of everything that has been written or printed concerning deeper waterways. Years ago I attended the opening of the Beaufort Canal in North Carolina. There I found Mr. J. H. Small just as enthusiastic in the project as in later years. Europeans long ago found canals and rivers essential to the intensified development of their countries. The war has further demonstrated the military necessity of these second lines of naval defense, as well as their importance in keeping the factory wheels going, and in the interchange of commodities. Without transportation the country would soon become stagnant. The practice of the early colonists in utilizing waterways is being revived.

Mr. Small, chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, hails from Washington, N. C., so he does not have to change the date line on his letter head materially, whether he be at home or at work in the national legislature. He has a forceful and direct way of talking. He is an ardent war worker. Even the closed doors on holidays cannot keep him out, for he was in the Secretary of the Navy's office on a holiday and accomplished things while others were waiting for Monday morning to come. As one of his admiring friends said in Congress, "There is nothing small about Congressman Small." He is a big man in every sense of the word. He has fathered big proj-

ects and is a ready debater and fighter when the gauntlet of battle is thrown down. As chairman of the Rivers and Harbors Committee, he has inaugurated a notable career.

*Greene of the
Green Mountain State*

NO sooner had I seated myself in an easy chair for a nice chat with Representative Frank L. Greene than a mouse ran across the floor. There was no clock, so the mouse did not run up, and there was no "hickory, dickory dock." I didn't jump. Neither did Frank Greene. With his standing-up collar and neatly tied cravat, this Congressman possesses something of the dignity of the old-time statesman. He was a publisher for many years guiding the fate of the St. Albans (Vermont) *Messenger*.

And then it occurred to the people that they would like to have him in Congress. He did not seem to be anxious, and did not conduct a campaign, but they elected him, and when they elect any one in Vermont it is for life—with the good behavior proviso, of course. His constituents seem to think Frank Greene is a representative Green Mountain State product, and best of all he has made wonderful strides in his own quiet way as member of the Military Committee in the House.

The war brought with it responsibilities that require unheard of and unseen work in Congressional committees—the machinery thru which the government operates. There is not much pyrotechnic display in the proceedings, but the war has given to the committees problems unheard of a few years ago.

It is counted a general rule that a Representative who is effective in committee work is a good member, and committee work is one thing that has precluded the possibility of compulsory attendance at a

session of Congress that was tried out in the English parliament some years ago without success, for to just meet without deliberative work, without having the details thought out and planned out in committee, would result in pandemonium of the old-time caucus. The town meeting idea is preserved in the committee room deliberations.

Frank Greene represents a long stretch of territory. The state of Vermont is divided east and west and the Green Mountains divide the two districts of Vermont. Mr. Greene represents the western district reaching from Lake Champlain from the borders of Canada to the historic battlefields of Bennington.

*A New Use
for an Old Word*

NOWADAYS, the creation of new words or new uses of old words seem to be in order. Now it is "stagger" lunch hours in Washington—meaning an arrangement by the government departments to dismiss at different times so the workers will not all be crowded together at lunch hour or leaving time.



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HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE

The Secretary of the Interior is here shown demonstrating his prowess as a "shot" on the rifle range, at Winthrop, Maryland. He is wearing the blue overalls supplied by Army officers on the range to distinguished guests. The Marine at his elbow wears the "sharp shooter" medal.

The new "stagger" plan of lunching has had a beneficial effect in preventing the spread of influenza, which is essentially a "crowd" disease, being very infectious. The regulations have also gone so far as to prohibit closed taxicabs. Even street car windows are down these days, and there is a movement to stop a heavy influx of new employees and clerks while the epidemic is on. Many have returned and many new ones are taking the places of those sick. The work is interfered with in some departments to such an extent that little memoranda are sent out announcing the cause of delay.

The people were disposed, in view of the general war spirit, to be tolerant—that is, some people. Others there are who do not yet realize this is wartime. Such crises tend to develop either the one extreme or the other, but it is inspiring to see the general inclination of people to turn to and do a little extra for general welfare in these days of "stagger" hours. It is a staggering proposition for some restaurant men, who, in view of the altitudinous prices, are receiving more than their share of criticism, for it is one thing to get food, another thing to cook it, and another thing to serve it. Now that the word "stagger" has taken its place in war literature, a Congressman grimly remarked, "the word has come back in general use now that the growth of prohibition may make it obsolete in its old use," and people staggering to lunch now is a more welcome sight than a man staggering from the bar—anyway it's "stagger," tho just why is another matter.

*New Quarters
for Navy Department*

IF there is one thing that tests official patience these times, it is "moving day" in Washington. The old remark that Thursday is moving day is no longer a joke, but a reality. Columbus Day was the day chosen for moving the office of Secretary of the Navy Daniels to the new building between 18th and 19th Streets. This structure is evidence of the splendid efficiency of the Navy Department. The first cement was poured on April 30th, and on August 17th they began the work of "moving in."

Here is a building covering forty-five thousand square feet (four city blocks)—one of the largest office buildings in the world. On the second floor is the Secretary's office, altho he still retains quarters in the old Army and Navy Building.



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DR. YAMIE KIM

A frequent visitor to Washington, she is one of the Capital's most interesting foreign guests. She also enjoys the distinction of being one of China's first woman physicians



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MISS SUE DORSEY

A member of Admiral McGowan's staff in his super-efficient Bureau of Supplies and Accounts. He recently asked that she be made an assistant paymaster—the only woman ever so recommended by the Admiral for a commission in the Navy

In this spacious new room, fitted up simply and practically, I found Secretary Daniels hard at work with the mass of testimony that pours onto his desk from the court martial dockets. He had been entertaining Sir Eric Geddes, the First Lord of the Admiralty, but was back again going over the evidence of a nautical case and listening to the stream of callers that came in betimes. If there is one quality more than another that characterizes Josephus Daniels, it is his Jeffersonian simplicity. He started out with one idea—the democratization of the navy—and he still keeps it up. The editorial instinct is still strong, and he edits as carefully as when at the copy desk. The sense of values is always maintained. The navy jumped from fifty thousand men to six hundred thousand men, and is now nearly three times as large as was the British Navy when war was declared. It requires just as much feeding and care for men doing work of the navy as for those at the front, and the "job" is done so efficiently and quietly that you hear very little about it. It is like the well-oiled and tuned-up machine which never makes much noise while it is going ahead and doing its work.

The quarter-mile front of this new office building indicates that the United States has an admiralty on which the word "admirable" can be applied. In this great

building the personnel and details of every man in the navy is concentrated. The single flag that floats over the entrance of the building is not going to be a strange sight on the high seas in the future.

*The General's
Fifty-eighth Birthday Anniversary*

FRIDAY, the thirteenth day of September was notable in Washington. It was the fifty-eighth birthday of General Pershing, and thousands of American soldiers on the French front helped to celebrate it. The echo of this was heard all over the country, wherever there floats a service flag, for every relative of a soldier has a strong personal interest in General Pershing, whose career, since his birth in Laclede, Missouri, September 13, 1860, has been full of action as well as sorrow. No soldier ever worked harder for his lieutenantancy than did young Pershing, who left West Point in 1886, full of hope and ambition, but never dreaming he would sometime command America's largest army.

In the Capitol on the hill his birthday was not forgotten, for every now and then someone would say "This is Pershing's birthday," and then would come a salute to the commander. In every department, and especially in the War Department, was this fifty-eighth anniversary remembered. He very likely never gave a thought to the birthdays that had been enjoyed in Laclede when he gathered in the apples and pumpkins and worked hard all day—spending a busy day, even if it was his birthday. And then that wonderful birthday at Kirksville! The records showed that it was a surprise party and the little blond girl with him was Susan Reed. On that evening "spat him out" was played, and the General on his birthday is still "spatting them out" with German troops in front, maintaining a steady retreat.

*An Illustrator
Turned Editor*

FOR many years the readers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and many leading publications of the country, have been attracted by the work of an artist whose illustrations were very modestly initialed "M. L. B." These alphabetic characters stand for M. L. Blumenthal, a

man who has won a place in the fore ranks of American illustrators.

Born in North Carolina, he came to Philadelphia, and in his studio on Walnut Street he has produced many drawings that have attracted wide attention. In everything he does is apparent a human quality, a piquant sense of humor that is refreshing. The man himself, as well as the artist, is winsome and strong in his ideals.

I chanced to meet him one day shortly after war was declared,



LIEUTENANT EDWARD W. IRION

Principal organizer of the United Service Club, which has established branches in the United States and abroad for officers in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps

and his eyes blazed with enthusiasm as he insisted he "must get into it." He was keen to do something, no matter what the sacrifice might be. In fact, so earnest was he, I went with him to Washington. He went first into the War Savings as editor of *The War Saver*. Night after night he sat up making drawings, writing text and preparing the matter which is identified with the record-breaking war savings campaign.

Later on he was naturally given charge of *The Savings Letter*, a little publication that carries the message to the hundreds of thousands of War Savings Societies. There was something in his way of saying things that brought the people, and especially the children—the same children whom he loved to picture—to a realization of the solemn import of the War Savings pledge. In this little publication devoted to War Savings, the editor has given the Fuel Department, the Food Department, and all war activities their place properly correlated in the great campaign for War Savings, and his stirring letters signed "Yours to Win the War," have been most effective in keeping up the spirit of the legions enlisted under the banner of "War Savings Societies."

*The Bill to Promote
Americanization*

SENATOR Hoke Smith of Georgia and Congressman Sears are sponsors for the new Americanization bill in Congress, and are solicitous of the President's support of the measure. In preparing the bill they have had the assistance of the National Committee of One Hundred, Advisory Council on Americanization of the United States Bureau of Education, out of which a special legislative committee was appointed. The members of this committee are Arthur S. Somers, chairman of the Board of Education, New York City, representing education; Governor



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J. L. SUMMERS, DISBURSING CLERK OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

This check-signing machine is one of the many labor-saving devices employed by the United States Government. It is used extensively in bureaus where the writing of five signatures by one operation is saving thousands of dollars to taxpayers

Manning of South Carolina, representing the different states; Frank Morrison, secretary of American Federation of Labor, representing labor; Walter C. Miller, president Chamber of Commerce, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, representing the Chambers of Commerce, and Mr. Charles R. Hook, vice-president of the American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio, representing the industries of the United States.

Conditions uncovered since America's entrance into the war seem to make the passage of such a bill imperative. The foreign-born population of the United States numbers thirteen million people and is made up of over one hundred races and nationalities. Five million are unable to speak English, two million are illiterate and three million of military age are still unnaturalized. Nearly five hundred thousand alien males registered in the draft are unable to speak English, and many of them are receiving their first instruction in the English language in the military training camps.

The war industries of America were surprisingly dependent on foreign-speaking labor. The records show that fifty-seven per cent of the employees in the iron and steel industries east of the Mississippi are foreign born; sixty-one per cent of miners of soft coal; seventy-two per cent of workers in the

ered from a national viewpoint. It is believed that the time has come when the Federal Government should step in and not leave Americanization work to the hit-or-miss policies of the different districts and communities.

*That
Military Salute*

GET away from Gray's right arm." It was a young woman speaking, the bride of a new captain in the United States army, as we walked down Pennsylvania Avenue, three abreast. With quick military precision that arm flew up and down in answering salute, as officer and soldier passed. It was a curious



Photo by Ellis, Philadelphia M. L. BLUMENTHAL

sight to glance along the thoroughfare with its hurrying throng, and see the flashes of motion as salute answered salute. It was deadly military in its stiffness—and yet, there was something akin to friendliness in it. It makes everyone sort of feel they belong to everybody else. I wanted to salute, too.

*"Kosciuszko—
We Are Here!"*

IN the beautiful square facing the White House and the Army and Navy Building in Washington is a monument that is attracting much more than passing attention in these strenuous days when the saving of Russia and perhaps all the rest of Slavdom has been added to our already great war problems.

This is a statue of Kosciuszko, the Polish patriot, who, having fought for freedom in his own land, joined Washington, like Lafayette of France, to fight for American independence, only to give his life for the cause at the battle of Saratoga. On the monument in Washington are the words: "And freedom of man wept when Kosciuszko fell."

Kosciuszko rose from the ranks of the peasants of Poland at a time when that country, having proudly held her place



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MRS. FRANCIS C. AXTELL

Chairman of the United States Employees' Compensation Commission; the first woman in the United States to be appointed by executive order to a federal commission

four largest clothing manufacturing centers; and sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of construction and maintenance work on railroads is in the hands of foreigners.

Such Americanization work as has been carried on up to the present time has been more or less a community affair, good as far as it went, but tremendously ineffective when consid-

as the leading empire of Europe, was beginning to disintegrate and seem to break under the selfish purposes of its rulers.

In many ways Poland was two or three hundred years ahead of its times. It even enjoyed a republican form of government, with this difference, that a king was elected by popular vote, instead of a president. Experiments in republican form of government also brought the right of "veto," which, however, proved the undoing of Poland. It was too free. Any member in the Upper House could nullify the action of the people by simply calling out "veto." The whim of one man could upset the desire of a whole nation.

Under such conditions no Polish statesman could be elected to the office of king without some dissatisfied partisan calling out his "veto." Consequently Poland had to go outside of its own country for candidates for its kingship, away from personal jealousies and pique. Under the rule of a succession of foreign kings the country slowly but surely went to the dogs. Elections grew to be bloody affairs and the sword replaced the ballot.

Kosciuszko organized his army of Polish patriots to save the country. His followers went into battle with scythes in place of guns, and fought valiantly, but in the end were defeated. Proud Poland was divided up and portioned among the several nations, its autonomy blotted out completely.

Kosciuszko then came to America to help us fight for freedom. Count Pulaski, a Polish nobleman, also imbued with freedom's righteousness, also came. Kosciuszko fell at Saratoga—gave his life for America. These two Polish patriots, one from the noble class and the other from the peasantry, both trained in the school of war, were an invaluable help to General Washington.

A nation's debt of gratitude to the sturdy liberty-loving men from Poland we are paying today, even as we are to Lafayette and France. The great America which Kosciuszko and Pulaski helped to make free is helping to write a New Poland on the map of the world. Our soldiers are now going into Russia and the war-torn centers of Europe, with its millions of liberty-loving Slavs, to guide, protect and lead them out of the slough of despondency. In France it was General Pershing who said: "Lafayette, we are here." In Warsaw, in some not too distant date, let us hope another American general will be able to exclaim, "Kosciuszko, we are here!"

*Inventors
Still at Work*

THE efforts of inventors, amateur and otherwise, have already resulted in sixty-three thousand different devices to destroy U-boats. No matter how ridiculous the idea seemed, in every case it has been investigated by a corps of competent men; but nothing yet has been suggested to replace the swift ship, the alert destroyer and the sharp-eyed gunner. Enough of these destroyers to keep the submarines submerged, making it impossible for them to come to the surface without being welcomed by shell and depth bombs—this, after all, seems to be the most effective way of overcoming the U-boat.

Anti-submarine devices will continue to come in, and no one knows when someone is coming along with "the thing to do the trick." In the meantime many of the inventors become disgruntled or suspicious and feel they are not getting a square deal. This is to be expected—Washington is full of them, tramping the streets carrying their models under their arm, and loaded with letters to this government official and that, in the effort to have their ideas adopted. You can spot them as they sit in the crowded restaurants with their bulging pockets containing letters, and their curiously-wrapped bundles placed on the floor squarely between their feet, that no one shall abduct the child of their brain.

The inventor with no money trying to put his idea across is an abject picture. The look in his eye is defiant. It says "I've got it," and yet you can almost see the toe marks of the unsympathetic public as it kicks him about from pillar to post.

*"American
as She is Wrote"*

QUAINT and curious are the letters coming in to Washington every day. They give many and varied views on governmental functions. From people who have sons in the

service and soldiers who have been taken out of accustomed environments, they reveal an amazing ignorance, even in our own much-vaunted nation of intelligence. The army is proving a university indeed for the American youth, for the curious



Photograph by Edmonston, Washington, D. C.

MRS. FRANCIS EMROY WARREN

Wife of the senior senator from Wyoming, and one of Washington's most popular hostesses

conceptions of government affairs held by many living in remote parts is astonishing.

Here are a few excerpts from letters actually received:

Will you please send my money as soon as possible as I am walking about Boston like a bloody pauper.

My husband gone away at crystal palace. He got a few days furlough and has been away on the mind sweepers.

We have your letter. I am his grandfather and grandmother. He was born and brot up on this house according to your letter.

You have changed my littel boy to a little girl. Will it make any difference?

I am writing to you to ask you why I have never received my

elopement. His money was kept from him for the elopement for me which I never received.

I aint receive no pay since my husband has gone no where.

I do no receive my husband's pay. I will be compelled to live an immortal-life.

Please let me know if John has put in application for wife and child.

You have taken my man away to fight and he was the best I ever had. Now you will have to keep me or who in hell is to if you don't.

My Bill has been put in charge of a spittoon (platoon). Will I get more pay?

Please send me my allotment. I have a little baby and knead it every day.

Dear Sir:

About three months before I was discharged from the service, I put my name down for \$100 Liberty Bond at Newport News, Va., while being a member of the 103d Field Artillery Batt. C under Capt. Bobcock which is in France now, and when I received my discharge paper's I would never have signed them because they were made out wrong and if I contested it I probably would be taken into the service again because I never was sick or weak in my life and at the present time would show quite a few of the Boy's in the service something that would make them look twice to make sure that their eyes were all there.

Say, I've got an old father here that is about seventy years old and I'll stack him up against any man in the country, young or old at shooting or long hiking under heavy marching for anything and I am his equal, that is at shooting, hitting the target at from three to five hundred yards ninety-seven out of a hundred and no fluke either I can do it anytime.

I got kicked with a mule out in Virginia and was sent to Fortress Monroe Hospital for an examination, Doctor Hagan told all I need would be rest for my left hip and ribs and would be all right again, and when I was sent back to camp I got fired from the service, Some Deal, What.

When the Clerk at the Bank at Newport News paid me off he told me to notify you if I wanted the Liberty Bond Money which is two payments of ten dollars each which is twenty dollars, now Bo, shoot it through as quick as you can, will you? Because I need it bad and I am sending you a letter that I received from the Adjutant General and you can ask the clerk at the bank in Virginia where I was paid off for a receipt and or is it a check and you can cash it if you care or send a check to me and I will get it checked and cashed. The clerk told me to stop off at Washington and see you and you would fix me up but we didn't come thru the Capital and so I am writing about it to you.

Capt. Hurlburt's name is signed to my discharge, he was over the Doctors at Camp Stuart Embarkation Hospital where I nearly froze to death or starved, when we patients had to build fires, carry coal and wood up a flight of stairs, and to top it off we had to mingle with a bunch of southern negroes who had spinal meningitis and us fellows were in good condition when we went to the hospital but after we were there a couple of weeks we looked like a lot of scare crows.

Doctors English and Zimmerman told me that they hated to see me leave because they would very much like to have me as a Ward Master in Ward No. 2. Saturday inspection the Capt. came up to



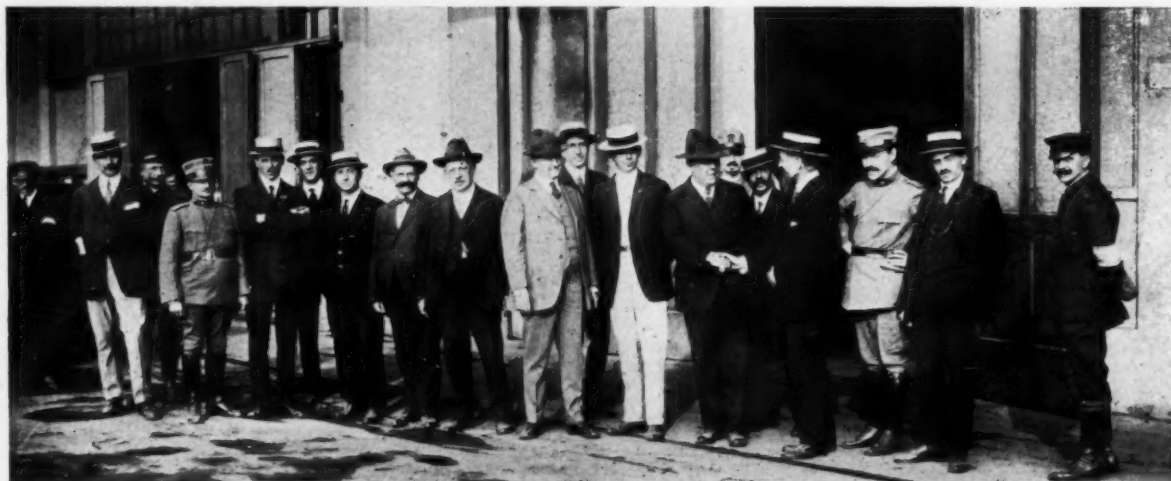
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MRS. MYRTLE R. HAZARD

Electrician in the United States Coast Guard, and one of the few women radio operators in the government service. She learned the work in four months at a class in the Baltimore Y. M. C. A., and passed the difficult examination easily. She is both a radio and a Morse operator.

me and young Hanlon and asked us how we liked the Mess and we said wait until we taste it first and we can tell you better. What, he said you're not getting enough to eat, I said majority rules and it did. Now how do you expect a fellow to look anyway decent with such treatment. It can't be done.

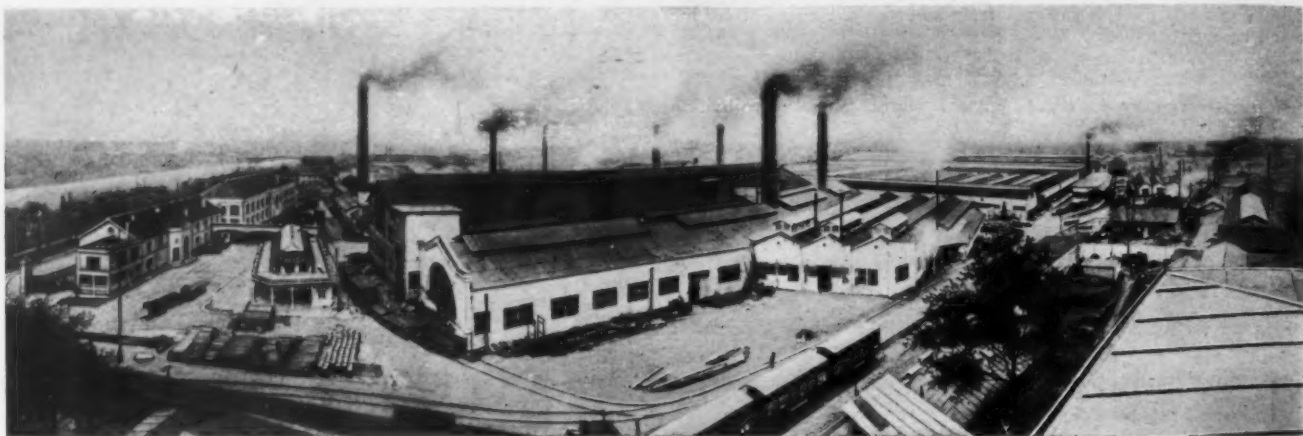
Well make that 20 bucks break a record getting here will you? From your obedient slave who is broke.



Permission of Fiat Automobile Company

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR COMMISSION IN ITALY

This commission was sent to Italy for the purpose of becoming acquainted with that kingdom's productive activity, and to come to a closer understanding with the Italian industrials and workmen, with a view to future possibilities. While in Genoa, they visited the Co-operatives of Products and Labor. At Turin, they were met by the Regional Committee of Industrial Mobilization; then visited the "Fiat" works, where they were greeted by the cheers of the thousands of workers there. The commission was composed of James Wilson, president of the North American League of Modellers; F. G. Macnulty, president of the International Brotherhood of Electricians; John Golden, president of the American Union of Weavers; Peter Josephine, member of the International Association of Granite Workers, and Michael Green, member of the American Association of Hatters. The picture shows the commission leaving the Fiat's Works.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PLANT OF ANDRE CITROËN

A Glimpse of Industrial France

Munition Making at the Plant of Andre Citroën, Ingenieur Constructeur



UCH has been written and told of fighting France; of valiant, courageous, enduring France; of picturesque, historical France—the France celebrated in song and romance—but of another France, the quiet, plodding industrial France, very little is well known. The thrifty peasant who farms his bit of land and from it wrests a livelihood; the artist and artisan who make more lovely the world with their beautiful handiwork—these are part of creative France, and quite familiar to us. But how many Americans, for instance, know that at Javel, on the outskirts of Paris, is located one of the largest munition factories in the world? Just because we have been accustomed to thinking that way is no reason for claiming that America holds the monopoly on munition-making in large quantities.

At the head of this vast manufactory in France is a young man, probably forty years of age, rather under medium height, with round face and stubby mustache. A pair of bright, inquisitive eyes look thru his glasses. Born in Rue Lafitte in the middle of Paris, Andre Citroën is a native Parisian. He is a graduate in the Engineering Department of the Polytechnic School, and served as an officer in the artillery. For thirteen years he was a manufacturer of motor cars. When the war broke out, he was at the front, where he served six months during the early drives. Here he found on every hand a pitiable lack of ammunition. With this need in mind, he went to the Department of War, and after much difficulty obtained from the government the financial backing of six million francs on condition that he would erect a plant in six months capable of turning out

five thousand shells a day. His former partners refused to join him in the undertaking. Undaunted, he began alone. And today this shell factory, the largest and most important in France, bears the one name—"Andre Citroën."

In six months he was making the required five thousand shells a day. This was in August, 1915. By July, 1917, production was increased to forty thousand, and now, in 1918, one day's work turns out approximately sixty thousand shells and one million bullets. This huge output consumes five hundred tons of steel bars every twenty-four hours.

To be shown over his vast plant by Andre Citroën himself is a wonderful experience—one which surely bears recording. Responding quickly to his invitation to "see how we are doing things over here," we were soon whirling down the banks of the Seine, past Eiffel Tower, to Javel on the Versailles road. On the way we stopped at a cluster of old renovated buildings, now transformed into, as I soon learned, a department store. On the first floor of the building was a meat shop, in the center of which stood a glass counter, so constructed as to afford a clear view thru it all. The most appetizing array of meats was therein displayed in a most attractive way. The prices were plainly marked, and so low as almost to cause a shock—a pound of ham less than the price of a sandwich in the U. S. A.

In other rooms of this building were to be found various kinds of food and wearing apparel—everything imaginable from sausages to millinery.

Across the way was a shoe shop, where shoes were sold for less than in the United States. War prices,



ANDRE CITROËN

In conversation with General Pershing and a French officer

too! All customers had cards, without which they could not buy, and each held his card as if it were a government bond. Marked thereon was the amount of each purchase. No money was used. At the end of the year the totals were added, and in the event of profits, those are shared between the purchasers according to the amount of their purchases.

The customers, he it said, were exclusively in the employ of Mr. Citroën. "Looking after the necessities first" was his

We ate the same food as the munition workers. It was Mr. Hoover who, Mr. Citroën told me, said after a meal here: "For me this excels Hotel Crillon at its best."

At Christmas, five thousand children of the employees were given a dinner, each one presented a gift, and enjoyed a moving picture show. Not a child was accompanied by its parent, but not one was lost. Mrs. Sharpe, wife of the American ambassador, was one of the patronesses at this occasion.

The personnel of the plant embraces ten thousand men and women. Six thousand are women, two thousand disabled soldiers, and two thousand men over and under military age.

It was in talking of the welfare of his people that Andre Citroën waxed most enthusiastic. And some idea of the completeness with which he has carried out his ideas and ideals on this phase may be gained by the manner in which the teeth are looked after, his dental force operating on one hundred a day. The teeth of every employee are gone over every month. All the cooks, waitresses and chefs, together with all others having contact with the food, have their nails freshly manicured every day. Two hundred and fifty births among the women in his employ were recorded since 1915, over one hundred of whom were looked after by his nursery staff.

We visited the nursery, where we saw forty or fifty nursing babies in the arms of mothers, who had taken a brief respite from work, and who were chattering merrily about their babies, like children over dolls, comparing the various points of excellence or beauty in the little ones. After a half hour these mothers would go back to their work in the munition factory. They make these visits five times a day.

"*En a-t-il se jolis yeux?*" said one young mother to me. Mr. Citroën translated her words: "Has he not pretty eyes?" I nodded assent. "*Mais il a les cheveux roux.*" jokingly added Mr. Citroën, referring to the auburn hair. "*Où ne trouverait*



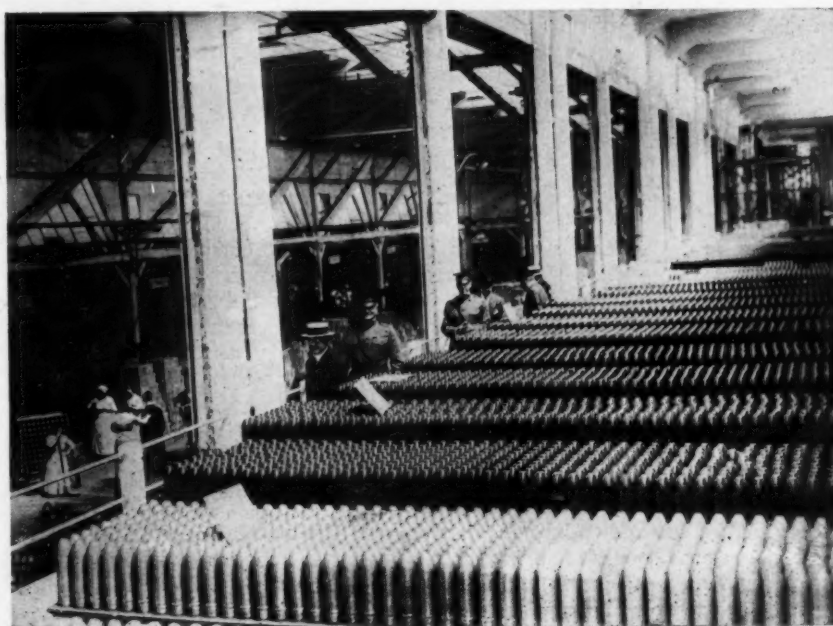
GENERAL PERSHING A GUEST IN THE VAST DINING HALL
This hall also provides for the simultaneous feeding of over three thousand employees

laconic comment, as partial explanation of the reason for stopping here in a supposed examination of an industrial plant.

In the factory itself, acres on acres of floor space were covered with finished shells, the rims and tips of which were painted brown and yellow. Electric trucks, driven by girls, whizzed by like figures shown by a crazy camera on a screen. The rush here seemed to suggest the bringing up of ammunition on the front lines. Yet every movement, from crude iron to finished product, was devoid of wasted energy.

Thru building after building, past miles and miles of lathes, foundries, welding machines, trip hammers, blazing forges and power rooms, going from plant to plant, covering acres and acres of ground, I became so confused with the very magnitude that I was unable to comprehend what it was all about until, out of the grimy smoke and away from the noise of the hammer and whirr of wheels, I stood once more in the open air and saw electric trucks in a continuous stream pouring the finished shells into countless cars to be taken to the arsenal and then to the battlefield. I realized then the tremendous scope and power of the plant I had been thru, and the meaning of the name Andre Citroën.

After this we took our places at a table in a great dining hall. "Still looking after the necessities, you see," he remarked. We were seated in the same chairs as had been occupied by General Pershing and other generals, ambassadors, presidents, premiers, and distinguished visitors from all the Allied countries. Before us were thousands upon thousands of men and women eating. They come here in shifts; the capacity of the hall provides for four thousand of employees.



ACRES AND ACRES OF SHELLS
General Pershing smiles as he is being led past this display by Andre Citroën

pas de plus beaux cheveux dans toute la ville de Venise, Monsieur." She said it so prettily I asked for the translation. "One could not find prettier hair in all the city of Venice, Monsieur."

The hospital is in charge of expert nurses and is provided with every convenience. The wealthiest child on earth could not

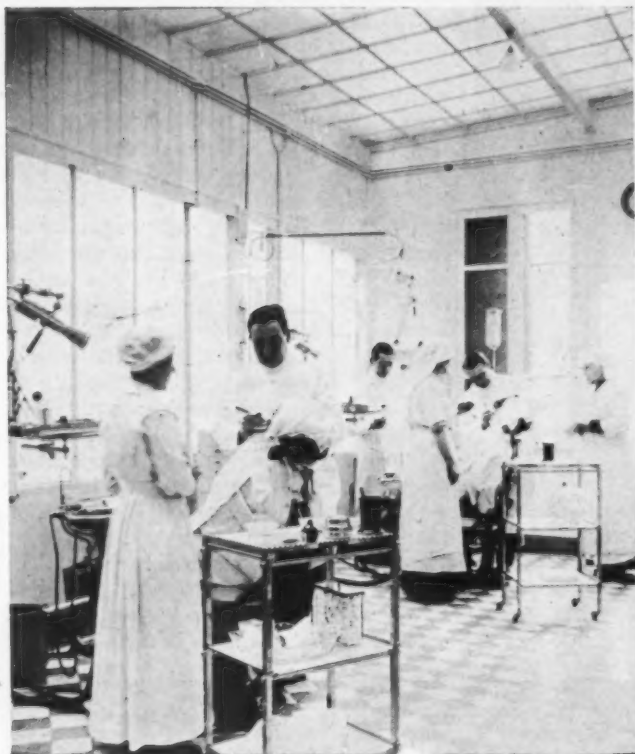
be better cared for. The fatiguing elements which every mother must bear in caring for a child are here entirely eliminated—only the joys remain. Wakeful nights with a fretful child are unknown. In sickness the child is given the best attention that science and the medical world can provide.

"Just the age of my little one at home," said Andre Citroën, taking a wee tot from the snowy crib, with its black-lettered number in plain evidence. There's no danger of the wrong baby being given to the mother here.

"We can save fifty thousand babies of the working women of France in a year," he added, "if these nurseries multiply fast enough." In his laboratories, as in those of all France, women are employed almost exclusively.

Mr. Citroën deals with but three men in the administration of the plant. The first on installation, the second on fabrication, and the third on health and welfare. He is his own sales

all, we could discern no difference in expression between those coming from and those going to work. Bright, vigorous and contented, were qualifications equally attributable to both.

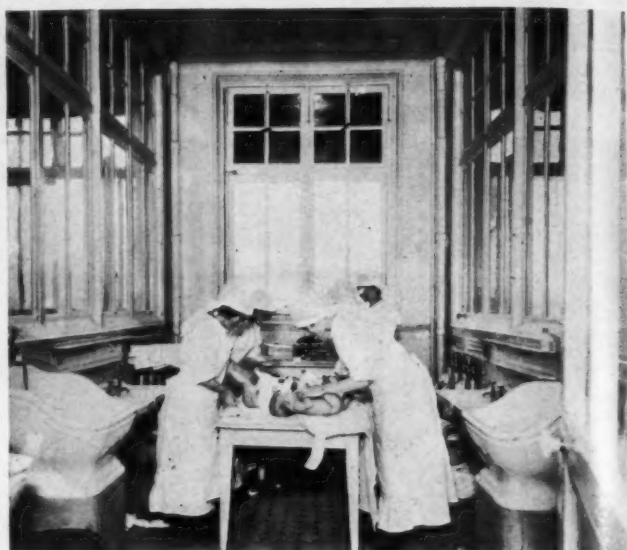


THE LIGHT, WELL-EQUIPPED DENTAL ROOM
The teeth of one hundred employees a day are here operated upon

manager and purchasing agent. He also buys the coal for all the factories in Paris, where the industries alone consume about half the coal used in the entire country.

The wages of his employees have doubled since he first started his plant, and with the advantages of the "company store," they save money and invest in French bonds. He contends that every one of the twenty-four provinces of France should buy their own necessities, thus reducing the cost to the people. This community idea seems to have caught on to a large degree in both England and France. The wonderfully successful experiments which Lord Leverhulme carried out at Port Sunlight—knowledge of this famous place is now almost universal and its plan widely imitated—are but applications of the idea in its broadest sense.

Leaving, we went down into the Metro Tube (the subway). It was just at the hour of changing shifts. Trains were coming and going in a bewildering stream—half were bringing the throngs of employees to their work and half were taking others home. Looking into the faces of the men and women, workers



A CORNER OF THE NURSERY
Part of the comprehensive welfare plan carried out by Andre Citroën

"Monsieur," said Andre Citroën, as he turned to me with an unspeakable gladness in his eyes, "this is the test."

I looked at him. His happiness seemed complete in the knowledge that beyond all industrial achievement, the people—their contentment, their joy of service and their moral and



FROM KITCHEN TO CAFETERIA BY TRUCK
No wasted time or motion in any department

physical well-being—are of paramount importance. It was then that I felt I knew Andre Citroën. In his anxiety, his consideration for his people, the true measure of the man was revealed.

The future is a world limited by ourselves; in it we discover only what concerns us, and, sometimes by chance, what interests those whom we love the most.

—MAETERLINCK.

Close-Ups of the Secretaries' Secretaries

*Personal Glimpses of the "Powers Before the Thrones"
in Departmental Washington*

THE present-day Washington has few visitors who come merely for sight-seeing or pleasure-seeking. Interest in noting the changes that have taken place and desire to know what's doing in the national capital may actuate a few, but, generally speaking, this impulse of curiosity, when present at all, is of secondary consideration. Almost everybody who comes to Washington these days comes on business. The Capital City today is the clearing house of the country, and, sooner or later, those who want something done for them, or who want to do something for somebody else, must come to Washington to find out how best to go about it.

For the convenience of strangers, the Committee on Public Information has established a Service Bureau, where is available information as to "Officials, Functions and Location of all Government Departments." With such guidance at hand, one can't possibly go wrong. And arrived at the office of the right Secretary, to whom the visitor comes to ask a favor or to offer services, the outer ramparts passed, appears the Secretary's private secretary to determine his right to a portion of the busy Secretary's time.

Greater and greater grows the importance of the private secretary in Washington, for upon him rests the necessity of conservation of his chief's time. In ante-bellum (what an old-time savor about that word—smacks of the sixties, doesn't it?) days, these men were little known outside of official Washington, but today Mr. Private Secretary is a gentleman to be reckoned with.

There is an old tradition in Washington that a private secretary can "make or break" his chief. However that may be, the private secretary is a very important personage in Washington these days. If one wants to see a man in high station, he must obviously run the gamut.

In the office of the Secretary of State, Richard Crane meets the visitors in Room 212, and cares for the outer guard work of

Secretary of State Lansing. Mr. Crane comes from Chicago and was graduated from Harvard in 1904. He joined his father in a business established by his grandfather, first in Chicago, and later in Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he became president of the Crane Valve Company. Returning to Chicago, he took up the work of the Crane Company there as second vice-president. In August, 1914, he "got the political bug," resigned his connection with both companies and was a candidate for Congress. While running a plantation in Virginia three years ago, he received an offer from the Secretary of State, and forthwith assumed the duties of private secretary to Secretary



RALPH A. HAYES
"War"

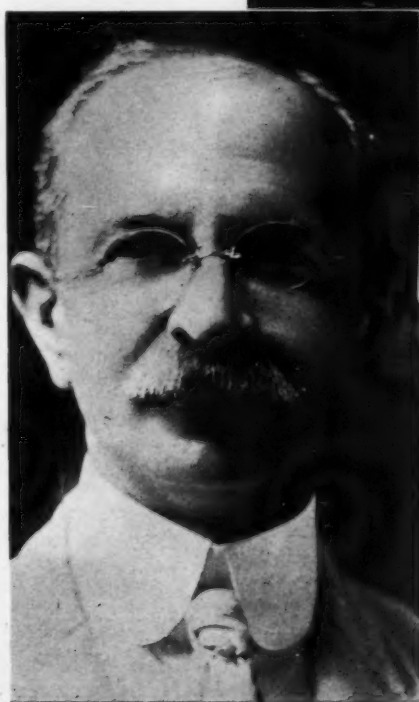
N. B.—Since this article was written, Mr. Hayes left his position in the War Department and enlisted in the army as a private. He went to Camp Meade in July and developed such efficiency in the performance of the initial duties of a private in the way of peeling potatoes, cleaning bunk houses, and drilling, that he was sent overseas late in August, and the latest word had from him is to the effect that he has been commissioned a first lieutenant in the American army in France.

His successor, Mr. Stanley King, is so excessively modest that when we suggested we should substitute his biography and picture for those of Mr. Hayes, he insisted that we run the story as it now stands.

It has been whispered that Mr. Hayes was detailed to accompany Secretary Baker on his recent tour of the front so he might perhaps be considered the Secretary's "overseas" private secretary.



HARRISON F. FITTS
"Agriculture"



EDWARD E. BRITTEN
"Navy"

Lansing. In the quiet way characteristic of his chief, Mr. Crane has become familiar with the details of the State Department and reflects the traditional noiseless methods of the department he has made; the routine of the State Department, even in wartime, runs apparently as smoothly as the gliding elevators he assisted in making during his manufacturing days.

The private secretary to the Secretary of War comes from Cleveland, Ohio, the home town of Mr. Baker. Ralph A. Hayes left his native Attica to take advantage, in Cleveland, of the opportunities for advancement to be found in a city. His rise was rapid and recognition swift. His work as secretary of the Cleveland Commercial Club attracted the attention of Newton D. Baker, who, when called to the post of War Secretary of the United States, took Ralph Hayes along with him to Washington.

Amid the storm and stress of investigations and criticisms, this young diplomat-in-the-making—he's only twenty-two—has maintained a poise and calm demeanor worthy a seasoned campaigner. He has met and listened to the throng of visitors that daily number well up in the hundreds. His manner and method of handling the divers requests and complaints which these hundreds bring to the Secretary's office, are handled in a way peculiarly his own and distinctly refreshing. He remembers names and faces. The infrequent visitor is sometimes surprised to be greeted by name by this cordial and energetic young guardian of the Secretary's time. His smile is spontaneous and ready; his not the *blase* air of routine officialdom. Whoever may be bound by "red tape," Ralph Hayes distinctly isn't.

The letters alone which Ralph Hayes reads and writes every



RICHARD CRANE
"State"

day—a most formidable pile—would confound the most valiant. Yet his letters are like his manner—courteous, friendly, and, while brief and to the point, never hurried or denoting a wish to be rid of a person or subject. Details and developments he keeps in that head of his, with never a mix-up. An X-ray photograph of his brain would, no doubt, show a complete card-index system stored there. Nothing less could explain how he does it.

The tremendous pressure of work, which is ever on the increase, does not appal Ralph Hayes; indeed, he seems to revel in it. In popular parlance, he "eats it up." He knows his chief, understands him, and is on deck day and night with him—his service not measured by hours, but by the "job on hand." The herculean task of raising an army of undreamed-of proportions suddenly confronted the War Department. Providing for the forces overseas as well as at home is a stupendous undertaking in itself. And all these problems, with their hundred-and-one attendant details, must come to the Secretary's attention thru his private secretary.

Everyone who has had business at the War Department recognizes in Ralph Hayes a man whose conscientious service and unswerving loyalty aids the War

Secretary to carry the gigantic burdens which came to him with the declaration of war.

On May 5, 1917, a notice was sent out from the Treasury Department to the press of the country, announcing the appointment of Mr. Brice Claggett as private secretary to Secretary McAdoo, succeeding Mr. George R. Cooksey, who had just been appointed assistant to the Secretary. So it happened that practically ever since (Continued on page 566)



Clinedinst Photo
BRICE CLAGGETT
"Railroad"



JOSEPH J. COTTER
"Interior"



E. S. MCGRAW
"Labor"

Our Returned Heroes

By RAYMOND F. J. SOAT



RIVATE John C. Geiger was eating.

Not very startling, is it? "Chow," the Marine term for food, may not sound so interesting to the ordinary person, but it contains great possibilities for this sea-soldier.

He was consuming food with rapidity and enjoyment, chuckling at times, while in his eyes there was a never-fading gleam as eggs, chicken, meat, milk and ice cream disappeared in quick succession. And Private Geiger was happy, because he was again in the land of many and bounteous meals.

For this wounded Marine, with a part of his left leg gone, the days of boyish delight in jam and pie have never lost their thrill.

There were times when he and a score or more of "devil dogs" who had fought and sacrificed an arm or leg at Chateau-Thierry ate irregularly, at twenty-four-hour intervals, and then their repast consisted of cold "monkey-meat" or Argentine beef, which was downed hastily and in a gulp, while they lay hidden in a small hole or behind a fallen tree, and machine-gun bullets kept up a weird and dangerous symphony.

These heroes are now at the Brooklyn Navy Hospital convalescing from their wounds. To Private Geiger the shrapnel fire was not a matter of much concern. Of course the "artillery was awful" and the machine guns "something fierce," but the real terror was that of missing regular "chow."

"When you miss chow, you miss *something*," he declares solemnly to his companions, as he stabs another potato.



The artillery was "awful" and the machine guns "something fierce," but the real terror of the trenches and battles, according to Private Geiger, was that of missing regular "chow"

There is no happier or prouder group of men in the world than these returned heroes of Chateau-Thierry, where the Marines stopped and forced back the Huns, who, with the delight of their horrible advance, were rushing forward madly with their eyes on one goal. This was Paris—the prize that would feed anew their determination to rule the world.



Private Charles Hennessy (right) telling Private Ray Streeter (left) "how it happened"

Some of the men lie silently and in pain. Others hobble about the hospital wards, while a few are wheeled about on reclining chairs.

All smile continually, even if in a wistful manner. Jokes are many, since theirs is the comradeship pledged at the altar of patriotism, where even death seemed but a small price to pay for liberty and freedom.

Private Geiger, who is nineteen, and who comes from Jasper, Florida, enlisted little more than a year ago, and was one of the contingent of Marines that arrived at Chateau-Thierry on June 1, and who were held in reserve until the 10th.

"The Germans were about fifteen hundred yards away when we arrived on the scene," says Geiger. "We got orders to dig in. We used the lids of our mess gear and bayonets for tools.

"Say, you'd be surprised to know just how much diggin' you can do under those circumstances. Bullets and shrapnel came from everywhere. You'd work until it seemed that you couldn't budge another inch, when a shell would hit right close, and then you'd start diggin' as if you had just begun."

When Geiger and his company plunged into the actual fighting on June 10, they found themselves at the edge of Belleau Wood, now known as Bois de la Brigade de la Marine. They surged forward in two-wave formation and at five-pace intervals. But the waves did not last long. It was impossible to hold the second line back and soon it became one fierce stretch of fighting men, shooting, bayoneting and shooting and hurling grenades at groups of the foe.

"Our men were yelling as if in a football game," he says. "You heard just one cry from the Germans—that was 'Kamerad.' We crossed an open space of nearly a mile when we discovered we had hit the German's second trench.

"Still we kept going. Of the twenty-five who were with me only four remained.

"Suddenly we spotted a machine gun. Without a thought of danger, the four of us started to charge it. Two of the men were killed immediately. I was shot in the right leg. The last man escaped. He told other Marines of the machine gun, and in a few minutes a second and bigger advance was made.

"They surrounded the gun and the crew wanted to surrender. That's the way they fight—always ready to give up when they're face to face with danger. I don't remember any prisoners walking back from that crowd.

"I lay wounded for nearly an hour. For awhile I hardly dared to breathe. I was right in line with a machine-gun's fire.



Private Frank Damron, under fire ceaselessly for two weeks at Chateau-Thierry, swinging along beside a comrade, Private F. F. Fullington, who is partially paralyzed from shell injury

"The bullets sped past my ears so closely that you couldn't hear them whizz or buzz. There was just a loud 'crackety-crack-crack' as they went by. It was like having your head near the muzzle of the gun.

"Soon the camouflage around me, consisting of high weeds, was shot away. Fortunately the machine gun tried for another target about that time and ceased firing in my direction. I tried to crawl off, but couldn't make it very far.

"I heard a German crying piteously, 'wasser, wasser.' It was a fellow I had seen shooting at Marines a few minutes before.

"I tried to get near him, but couldn't make it. I had no water, but did have about eight inches of blade that I wanted to present to him.

"Then came a scene I shall never forget. This spot was pretty well abandoned by now. The heavy action had moved forward and the Germans were still being pursued.

"I heard occasional revolver shots, and thru the weeds saw a Hun running about the field shooting wounded Marines.



These smiling lads would tell you they haven't a care in the world. And, indeed, life at the Brooklyn Navy Hospital must seem good to Privates Damron, McCune and Steck after their experiences at Chateau-Thierry and Belleau Wood

Never before did a man look so like a devil to me, and I shall never forget the fiendish glare with which he went about his mission.

"It was not long when five Marines came up. They wanted to carry me off, but I told them of the fellow who had been shooting our wounded. Later they returned with that devil's automatic."

Geiger was carried back until the hospital men with stretchers appeared.

"Shooting Germans is a heap more fun than shooting rabbits," he asserts. "You never could tell what was going to happen. We captured one machine gun and turned it on the fleeing Germans until the ammunition was exhausted.

"But I want to give credit to those hospital corps men of the Navy, who worked with the Marines. Those fellows deserve a gold medal, or the highest honor they can receive."

Private Geiger is proud of his fellow-Marines, but proudest of their officers. He tells of one example that shows the calmness and bravery the leaders displayed. Captain Charley Dunbeck was leading his men in a charge at Belleau Wood. He walked in front of them in a jaunty manner, swinging a swagger stick in one hand and flourishing an automatic pistol in the other.

"All right, men. The guide is left, remember. Hit the line together boys," he airily directed as the men marched forward in perfect interval alignment.

"Captain Dunbeck was some white man," Geiger explains today.

Private W. H. Smith, one of the men at the hospital, who has lost his right arm, has been told by his officers that he has been cited for the Croix de Guerre.

He is but twenty and had just finished with his happy years of alternate play and study when the lure of war caused him to enlist at his home town, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, January 26, 1917.

"Two periods of twenty days each in the Verdun sector hardened us to the ordinary run of warfare," said Smith. "It was quiet there, with only an occasional raiding or wire-repair

squad going out into No Man's Land. But the shelling received drove away whatever fear we might have had.

"We were just finishing our second period in the trenches and were retiring for a rest when the orders to move came. My company, the ———th of the ———th Regiment, was packed into auto trucks, and we rode for twenty-four hours and stopped back of the lines at Chateau-Thierry, where we were held in reserve five days, until June 6.

"At 4 A.M. we charged forward. There were no trenches, and the fighting was done in the open or in the woods.

"There wasn't a bit of hesitation from any man. All went forward in an even line. You had no heart for fear at all. Fight—fight—and get the Germans—was your only thought.

"There were about sixty of us who got ahead of the rest of the company. We just couldn't stop, despite the orders of our leaders. We reached the edge of the small wooded area and there encountered the Hun infantry."

"Then it became a matter of shooting at mere human targets. We fixed our rifle sights at three hundred yards, and aiming thru the peep, kept picking off the Germans. And a man went down at nearly every shot.

"But the Germans soon detected us and we became the objects of their heavy fire. We received emphatic orders to come back, and made the half mile thru the woods with hardly losing a man.

"German machine guns" were everywhere—in the trees and in small ground holes. We stayed, for the most part, in one-man pits, which gave us just a little protection.

"We saw one German a short distance ahead of us, who had two dead Germans lying across him. He was in a sitting posture, acting as if he were wounded, and shouting 'Kamerad, Kamerad.' We soon learned the reason. He was serving as a lure, and wanted a group of Marines to come to his rescue so that the kind-hearted Americans would be in the direct line of a fire from a hidden machine-gun.

"Now isn't that a dirty trick? Say, it made me sore, and before I knew what I was doing and before I realized that everyone was shouting at me to stay back, I bobbed up out of my hole and with bayonet ready beat it out and got that 'Kamerad' bird. It seemed but a minute before I was back, tho there were some bullets whizzing around. They came so close that I could almost feel them burn as they went past. My pack was shot up, but they didn't get me. After that I thought I was bullet-proof and didn't care a d— for all the Germans and their machine-guns.

"On the second day of our advance, my captain and two others besides myself were lying prone and crackin' away at 'em. I was second in line. Before I knew what had happened a machine gun got me in the right arm, just at the elbow. Five shots hit right in succession. The elbow was torn into shreds, but the hits didn't hurt. It seemed just like getting five little stings of electricity.

Private W. H. Smith "swapping some good ones" with Sergeant David Bates



"The captain ordered two men to help me back. I said I could make it alone. I picked up the part of the arm that was hanging loosely and walked. It was two miles to the dressing station. I got nearly up to it when everything began to go black and wobbly. I guess it was loss of blood. But I played in luck for some stretcher-bearers were right near when I went down."

Private Frank Damron, who comes from Wharton, Texas, was in the thick of the fighting from June 1 to June 14, the last day the Marines fought at Chateau-Thierry.

Combat of the most desperate nature became such an ordinary thing to him that he hardly remembers the succession with which night followed day. It was but one long period.

During the darkness there would be an occasional lull when he sought sleep. Sometimes he dozed for an hour. Frequently he was aroused by nearby fighting as soon as he had curled up in his hiding place.

Food did not seem to be necessary. Once he went twenty-eight hours without eating. Often he satisfied his hunger with a piece of raw bacon.

Damron was one of a thousand men who, under the leadership of Major Edward Cole, charged twelve machine guns. Major Cole died from the wounds he received at the last moment of this engagement. Six of the machine-gun crews were killed outright, while a few of the others escaped. The guns were captured. It was this action that led the Germans to believe the Marines were either crazy or pure devils. Never had machine guns been attacked in such a manner. The Americans ran directly toward them, and then circled in the rear of each gun and overpowered the crew.

"Shove your

Continued on
page 570

Stairs have no terrors for Private Damron



His comrades have told Private W. H. Smith that he's been cited for the Croix de Guerre—hence the serious expression



An American
Red Cross Canteen
in France



The favorite order
is being served:
"Hot dogs"
Smiles!
Expectant faces!

"As One That Loves His Fellow-men"

Being by Way of a Modern Version of Abou Ben Adhem's Historic Vision

WE didn't always catch its true significance, then, those of us who, as children, delighted in reciting the inspiring lines of Leigh Hunt's masterpiece. We knew the teacher liked it invariably, and it never failed to make an impression on our schoolmates. It stirred the imagination, did that "angel writing in a book of gold." And Abou Ben Adhem was certainly lucky to have his name lead those "whom love of God had blessed." Our reasoning seldom went farther. Ours not to question why.

There were other phrases which rolled smoothly off the youthful tongue, such as "Love thy neighbor as thyself," and "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends"—in one ear and out the other.

Such indifference to inner meanings also held true of a vast nation of grown-up children, until a world-cataclysm, precipitated before their very eyes, awakened them to a realization of the brotherhood of man. Belgium, France, the *Lusitania*, air-raid after air-raid and U-boat sinking metamorphosed a



"HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!"

French soldiers drinking the health of the American women who served them their cups of coffee at the American Red Cross Canteen at Orry-la-Ville, France



*Thanks for
Somebody*

Whoever proposed the Red Cross Comfort Bag was truly a benefactor, according to wounded and convalescent Yanks. And equally so was the one who suggested the knitted blanket. These utilities have no regular place in military equipment, but they have proved immeasurably useful. The picture was made at American Military Hospital No. 1, at Neuilly, France

newspaper war three thousand miles away into a poignantly personal war fought at their own hearthstone. Appeals for help,

*Fashion Note
from Paris:*

for monies, for clothing, for food even, found ready answer in the newly-aroused

A steel helmet, Red Cross nursing gown, pajamas, and hospital slippers are strictly in style as a morning

American sympathy and generosity. And then came the test, the real test of the stature to which the nation had grown. The old Scriptural text assumed terms of living flesh—truly "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

In comparison to the way this test was met, subscriptions to Liberty Loans, War Savings, Red Cross and the various drives for funds would seem of small moment. Yet is it none the less true that for every man at the front, a veritable score must toil at home, speeding up production to supply him with ammunition, food, clothing, as well as earning the money required to pay for these things. The "army behind the army," as has often been demonstrated, is of no less import than the army at the front. If it were possible to build up a reserve sufficient to equip an army composed of every able-bodied man and woman in the United States, and, sending such an army across the seas against Germany, unless this great force should at once annihilate the enemy, our army would soon die of starvation. Of course such a



*Santa Claus
Up-to-date:
Major Guy Lowell,
of the
American
Red Cross
distributing
Red Cross gifts
to soldiers in the
first-line Italian
trenches on the
Piave. It was
from this point
that the Italians
started their most
recent drive and
hurled the
Austrians back in
confusion thru the
Piave Valley*



contingency is quite absurd—no sane person would ever question its improbability—but the idea is brought forth merely to emphasize the fact that every resource in the country must be utilized to the utmost in winning the war—men, supplies, morale, everything!

Much is said about the morale of the men in the fighting ranks; great stress is put upon its importance. And in no less measure is the morale of the people at home important. Do they go about their war-work philosophically and with a Spartan spirit, or do they grumble and complain that our country, with its incessant propaganda of save, save, save and lend, lend, lend, is perhaps little preferable to Germany with its Kaiserism and its militarism? Do they give willingly and gladly of their substance, of the product of their daily labor, or do they resent the demands which the interests of common humanitarianism

walking outfit for a Yank at the portable tent hospital provided by the American Red Cross near the front. A walking cane is permitted to those who are a little lame.

make upon the selfish pocketbook?

Would the boys in the trenches welcome the knowledge that the money which

went to buy their food was begrudged? They would say: "Tell (Continued on page 572)

In Reply to "They Signal for Books"

Sidelights on the Work of the American Library Association

MANY times has the story been told of the drafted millionaire who found his superior officer to be the man who had formerly buttoned up his shoes in the morning.

That familiar incident is paralleled by one within the experience of an American Library Association librarian. A sergeant went into his camp library and asked for a late book on shipbuilding. It is a boast of the Association that all books of a technical nature which might be useful to soldiers and sailors are kept on the shelves.

So the librarian in charge reached confidently for a brand new book on shipbuilding and handed it to the sergeant.

"Shucks," grunted this seeker after knowledge. "I did the drawings for that book!"

While most of the reading matter consumed by fighting men is of a technical nature, investigations have shown that in

cultural existence need not be suspended; in point of fact, many who, prior to their induction into the service, had not yet learned the joys of reading have become inveterate patrons of the camp libraries and improved themselves vastly thereby. And it is safe to gamble that the soldiers who naturally desire to improve their opportunities in an educational way are doing so to a greater extent than their civilian brothers and sisters. Why? Because they have been dropped into a completely different environment; the readjustment to the new life has sharpened their intelligence to such an extent that the ordinary civilian would be positively envious, could he but realize.

For instance, five men came up to the desk of the Camp Grant (Illinois) library, one after another.

Number one returned Gulick's "Dynamics of Manhood" and the second volume of a thirteen-volume work on the war.

Number 2 wanted something substantial and authoritative on commercial art. "I don't want to get rusty on this subject," he insisted.

The third, with a hungry look in his eye, went away with a boy's book. He was a foreigner, starting at the bottom of American literature.

"I want something by Herrick to make me sore, and something by Henty to wash the taste out of my mouth," said the fourth, who must have sneaked into the army when his parents weren't looking. He was so young as to attract attention.

"Does Herrick depress you?" asked T. R. Temple, the librarian.

"Listen," confided the beardless one, "that fellow never wrote a line until he got all het-up over something!"

A copy of Ibsen and a French reader were returned by the last of the quintette, who left with a more difficult French reader and Tennyson's poems under his arm.

Giving the men in the service the chance to improve their opportunities is the first task of the American Library Association.



PARIS HEADQUARTERS FOR THE A. L. A. OVERSEAS WAR SERVICE

At 10 Rue de l'Elysee. Burton E. Stevenson, the well-known author, and overseas representative of the Association is at his desk, "hard at it"

books chosen for entertainment, geography plays an important part in the selection. Men from the West find that eastern libraries have not yet recognized the merits of Zane Gray. New Englanders, reared in an atmosphere of closely-shaven lawns and immaculate chestnut trees, are more deeply moved by the gentler varieties of poetry.

But be this as it may, if put to a popular vote, the camp library would undoubtedly be classed as one of the prime essentials of keeping our fighters fit. The mental as well as the physical man must be looked after, and in camp, during hours of recreation, when the dog-tired rookie looks with disfavor on sports and the like, a book of the right sort is the best kind of a companion.

Just because a man enters the army, his



CAMP LIBRARY AT CAMP KEARNEY, LINDA VISTA, CALIFORNIA

whether the opportunity happens to be brightening up an engineer's particular knowledge in polar triangulation or giving a new recruit his first lessons in the English language.

Many of the patrons of the camp library had never had access to libraries before their enlistment. A mountaineer from Kentucky, after selecting a book at Camp Zachary Taylor, asked, "How much do I owe you, partner?"

A common question that: "How much does it cost to borrow books?" The idea of free libraries is new to many.

Some British soldiers stationed in Flanders became interested in gardening. They wanted a garden, but didn't know the proper way of going about it. A hardened old sergeant recalled that somebody had written a book called "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." To the soldier-farmers this had the sound of an appropriate text book. When the book came it was a disappointment in one way, but all the men enjoyed reading it and the mere title became a standing joke.

A private in Camp Logan, Texas, asked the librarian there for a book on machine gunnery. He studied it several hours a day for a month. At that time five hundred crack men were selected from the ranks for the commissioned officers' training camp. He was one of the first to be sent.

A sergeant of infantry, after establishing a two-books-a-day reading record which he maintained for one month, came up to the librarian at Camp Lewis (Washington) with a grateful sparkle in his eye.

"Look here," he said hastily, "I've just found out something you ought to know about. This work you're doing is fine—absolutely fine! You're doing great things for the men who find themselves in the army. Well I know!"

He walked out with a copy of D'Annunzio's "Francesca da Rimini" under his arm.

In the trenches, often by the light of a candle stuck in a bottle, or fastened upon a nail in a board, the war is driven temporarily from soldiers' minds by some book of travel or romance. The day after a great advance, one soldier wrote: "On such a day as this one wishes to read well-expressed words which deal with eternal things."

When the hospital libraries were inaugurated, the first man approached by the new librarian absolutely refused to be interviewed. He seemed to think that reading books in bed was no fit occupation for a full-grown sick man. The librarian went to

the next bed. Its occupant, rather pale from a long fever, looked at the books with interest.

"What's that one about?" he asked, pointing to one in a gay binding.

"Oh, this is 'Bambi.' It's about a girl who married a man without his having anything to say in the matter."



DR. HERBERT PUTNAM

Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., General Director of Library War Service, pays an official visit to the A. L. A. Camp Library, Camp Kearney, California

The first man, the one who had declined to be interested, lifted himself on an elbow. A peculiar light shone in his eyes.

"Hold on there!" he called excitedly, "give that book here. It's my autobiography!"

J. G. Moulton, librarian at Camp Jackson, after describing to an interested visitor "our delightful work with the men," stifled a polite yawn and added unimportantly:

"The work goes splendidly on, one continual rush from 5.45 A.M. to 11.30 or 12 at night. The new commanding general dropped in today and suggested that we add a front porch to be used as a summer reading room."



ALCOVE, MAIN LIBRARY, A. L. A. CAMP LIBRARY, CAMP LEWIS, WASHINGTON



CONVALESCENTS ENJOYING THE CONVENIENCES OF THIS A. L. A. HOSPITAL LIBRARY

That commanding general ought to drop in at the library at Camp Greene, from which this enthusiastic report has been produced:

"Last Thursday there were 320 men in here looking for

books at seven o'clock. I guess we handled a thousand men that night. There were fifty-three sitting on the floor at one time!"

Undebatable proof that going to war involves knowledge slightly wider than the technique of pulling a trigger is furnished in a request for books from Librarian Green, at Camp Johnston, Florida. In one day alone he forwarded requests from soldiers there for books covering: Coffee—roasting, blending, rather than cultivation; woolens, refrigeration, cold storage and transportation of food materials, medical dictionary, sanitation and the public health, psychology, shorthand and typewriting, also mechanics of the typewriter—"and anything else in addition that you may have handy."

* * * *

The library facilities in a typical cantonment may be described in outline form. The small camps lack only the central library building, the place of which is often taken by a nearby public library.

In the building of the camp library are easy chairs, usually a fireplace, a standard library equipment of charging desk, catalog, filing devices, bulletin boards, newspaper and magazine racks. An atmosphere of quiet and welcome pervades the place. A staff of from one to four trained librarians and assistants are there during "hours," eager to be of use. There is automobile delivery service. Daily newspapers and some forty popular and technical magazines are to be found regularly on file. To choose from is a book collection of perhaps fifteen thousand volumes, surprisingly strong in its resources—military, technical, historical, travel, general literature, poetry, educational, general reference, and readable fiction. There is the central reference and browsing collection and the reading room, constituting in all the modern public library with its equipment and ambition to serve the whole of its public.

Branch library collections and deposits are to be found in Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. huts, in barracks and mess halls.

Entering the library, the soldier's eye is caught by a placard on the librarian's table, bearing the neatly-lettered words, "Smoking Allowed." A smile at once overspreads his face; he reaches in his pocket for his "Jimmy-pipe" or maybe his ready-mades, or rolls his own, as the case may be, and is immediately at home.

(Continued on page 573)



DR. M. LLEWELLYN RANEY

Librarian of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Maryland, Director of Overseas War Service for the American Library Association

The Price Shall Be Paid!

An Opinion by

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

AS this magazine goes to press, the accredited representatives of the victorious and defeated nations are gathering to discuss and settle upon the terms of world peace.

There can be no permanent peace until Germany is made to pay—pay for ruined Belgium and for devastated France; pay for bombings and sinkings by untold numbers. There has been much quiet discussion on this subject; the undercurrent of conviction runs strong, but it has remained for Clemenceau, "the tiger of France," to most fittingly and appropriately sound the keynote on this question. His speech of September 17th in the French Senate was most significant and telling in its effect.

Beginning with a feeling tribute of gratitude—a gratitude felt by all the nations worthy of the name—toward the wonderful soldiers of the Entente, he referred to the long years thru which France waited patiently under German bullying, "not a day without threat of war," not a day without some skillful brutality of tyranny—the mailed fist, the dry powder, the sharpened sword, were the themes of Germany in those days of peace. The humiliations which Germany has forced upon France were recited when, with flashing eye, he turned and said: "We submitted to it all and silently awaited the day that would inevitably come." He cited Germany's inexcusable crime in attacking France without even the appearance of a pretext; the frightful results of her murderous fury calling forth the magnificent heroism with which the soldiers of France and the Allies faced the onslaught.

The Senate, in which outward emotions are seldom displayed, rang with applause as the veteran statesman, in vibrant tones, continued to depict the destruction which Germany had inflicted on Belgium and France. It was then that the eloquent "old man" of France rose to the height of his fury and carried it like a stormburst when he said: "*The most terrible account ever opened between one people and another awaits payment!*"

After a significant pause, which carried more emphasis than language could supply, the speaker added, with characteristic gestures: "IT SHALL BE PAID." There was a grim intensity in words and gesture, which drove his meaning straight home to the hearts of his hearers. The elder brethren of the republic arose and cheered wildly.

Beyond the walls of that tribunal will be heard those momentous words of Clemenceau, "the splendid and savage old man."

Later he referred to the victorious advance of the Allied troops, and paraphrased the "Marseillaise," triumphantly proclaiming "that day announced over a century ago in our national hymn has truly come. The sons are completing today the tremendous task begun by their fathers." His "Heros au stoicism couriant" cannot be translated in all its strength and beauty. It describes the devoted Poilu who had daily faced death for France with a smile on his lips thruout the long, weary, war-worn years.

Then, in staccato sentences, the Premier continued: "*It shall be paid — it is for our soldiers to decide what answer we shall give to Germany.*"

As he reached his climax, he thrust his hand on high and cried: "*Germany has asked for a decision by the sword. What Germany asked for, Germany shall have. Our dead demand it. Forward, then, soldiers of France, to all humanity without stain. All France, all humanity is with you.*"

These words brought thunders of applause—France's answer to Austria's peace note which had been posted in every commune in France; an answer not alone for France, but for Britain, America, Italia and all the Allies.

Clemenceau's speech has clarified in the public mind what has been discussed privately and personally by many leaders and thinkers: **THE PRICE SHALL BE PAID!**

And why should Germany have a place at the peace table, to pass judgment upon her own crimes? "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." What is true of individuals is true of nations. Germany has sowed a whirlwind of death and destruction. Germany must reap a whirlwind of death and destruction. Not for Hunland the bland smile of promise, the pledge to wipe out all stain and blot of her crimes against civilization.

Not a spirit of vengeance and hate, but the immutable law of justice and equity must prevail. The whirlwind that has been sown in this world-war cataclysm must be reaped. And, as Clemenceau has declared to the world in the spirit and name of humanity—

THE PRICE SHALL BE PAID!

Letters from the Boys at the Front

Contributed by Our Readers

THANKFUL, indeed, we should be that few of our American boys are like the British "Tommy," who was at the front three years without once writing home. His superior officer finally persuaded him to send some word to his mother, and, after thinking deeply for some time, he wrote something like this: "Dear mother, the war is ——. Tell Auntie.—Bill." It is only thru letters that we are able to glimpse the little sidelights, the small incidents that make up the lives of those behind the lines and in the trenches. "Over the top" is a big thing—but the routine happenings of every day, the getting up in the morning, the going to bed at night, are of just as much moment, just as interesting to the folks at home.

Some of the boys realize this and write accordingly, some consider only the high points of enough consequence to write about; and some may feel like the young member of the 17th Engineers (Railway), one of the first contingents to go overseas, who writes as follows:

"Because of the limitations of my literary accomplishments, I will have to pass up the opportunity to write you an interesting letter. The subject has been so exhausted by writers so very much better than I that it is discouraging to even try to write the home folks other than the stereotyped information as to health and happiness. One feels like saying, 'See line so-and-so, page so-and-so in such-and-such a magazine.' Such a method would simplify things terribly, would it not? But how can we read an article in a six-weeks' old periodical which everybody has already read, and then sit down and write about it?"

"Of course we have no hard feelings toward the literary guy who has beat us to it, but rather feel that he has taken an unpleasant duty off our hands and told you interesting things which we would have more than likely distorted to please our fancy or curdle your blood. So I have nothing to write of except work, which to me is the most interesting thing in the world."

"Our days are filled with it, our evenings devoted to talking about it, and our sleep demanded by it. Hard, unceasing, conscientious, organized work, and lots of it is the plea which our cause is making. It is a great thing to see the change which work makes in men. To take newly-arrived doughboy or ambulance driver, put a pick and shovel into his hands and drop him into a ditch, or give him an axe and show him a month's chopping—the metamorphosis is sudden and complete. He is soon doing things of his own accord and helping newer arrivals to a clearer view of the fact that if he don't work now of his own accord, he will soon be doing it for the Hun against his will. That is the sum total of our conception of the reason for the war. That is the main characteristic of the American soldier in France. That is, I believe, the saving grace whereby we shall curb the misdirected, ambitious rulers for the history of the future."

But if every "literary guy" in the world wrote volumes and volumes on one particular battle, the mothers of the boys who

fought that battle would avidly read every word those same boys had to say about it. Thus, and thus only, the war comes close, the battle becomes a personal one.

The following are extracts of letters from Sergeant Wesley S. Sawyer, of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, a West Roxbury high school graduate and a senior in the Massachusetts Agricultural College at the time of his enlistment early last spring:

France, June 23, '18.

I am right up in the thick of things and can't go any farther now unless the Boches are pushed back. I am located in one of the lost provinces, not far from where the first American prisoners were captured. You would indeed be surprised to see the ruin in these villages right along the front line. It is even worse than the war photographs show. Houses and buildings are totally ruined—all by shelling, too. However, we are billeted in these places, and some of the rooms, which are still intact, make very fine quarters.

The room in which I am located is very palatial indeed. The walls are all paneled with oak, stained dark brown; we have two nice springy beds with mattresses; a wash-stand with a waist-length mirror stands in a corner; in the opposite corner is an old-fashioned sideboard, where we can keep our things; on one side of the room is a parlor stove, and six chairs—one a cushioned arm-chair—are scattered about. In the center of the room is a large round oak table, hand-carved, over which is placed part of a blanket as a tablecloth; in the center of the table a long, three-inch brass shell serves as a vase for a bouquet of large red roses. Here and there on the table are copies of current magazines from the United States. Our light is from a small oil lamp.

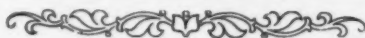
This is the front-line trenches, and about five hundred yards distant the Boche awaits any move we may make. Now and then the artillery makes itself heard by a sharp crack and the whistle of a shell overhead. Shell holes are very frequent around here.

Just before we left our last stopping place they gave us some Red Cross packages which were very nice. They contained towels, toilet articles and candy. I must not forget to tell you all the men from the O.T.C. were made sergeants by an order from Washington, so I am a sergeant now.

This is certainly some scenery down here—real mountain scenery. On these beautiful June days, with roses all in bloom, it is hard to believe war is going on, until a sharp crack and whistle brings you back again. I am sending as a souvenir the emblem of the French Marine Corps, given to me by a member, while en route to this part of the country.

July 11, '18.

You will probably be glad to know that since last Friday I have had a safe and sane job. I am now a Town Major. This came to me like a thunderbolt. (Continued on page 570)



Our Boys

By Mary Elizabeth Rodhouse

of The Vigilantes

God make us worthy of our boys,
Fearless and true as they must be,
Clear-eyed to face reality,
And blithe withal and glad of heart.

Help us each one to do his part,
With faith serene and spirit high
As they who teach us how to die.
God make us worthy of our boys.



Affairs and Folks

THESE war times what varied experiences are coming to all of us! It seems as if there never was a year when people were more busy or exhilarated. The spirit is actually infectious. Labor Day in Chicago will remain to me an inspiring memory. It followed the first "gasless Sunday," when Michigan Avenue was swept clean of the caravan of motor cars that move along ceaselessly by day and by night. The parade of laboring men filled with patriotic spirit, their banners tingling with one purpose—to

On the opening day it rained—it more than rained, it poured, but sixty thousand people were there and they stood under umbrellas with mud up to their ankles like in the trenches, each one feeling that this was the sort of weather that the boys were facing "over there." In Liberty Forum the great statue was unveiled. On this platform stood the mother of Corporal Gresham, the first American soldier to fall in France. The mother's name was Dodd, and she lived in Evansville, Indiana, and came on for the occasion. And what a typical mother she was—so proud of her boy and yet the mist would gather in her eyes as she told of his early boyhood and the scene when he left and when the news was brought to her. As she stood there, the eyes of the great throng looked upon her. She was unabashed, seeming to think, as she stood there, only of the son buried far overseas.

The throngs were typically American. Here was the restaurant, with utensils and service the same as in camp life. Every one imagined he was dining with the boys "over there" as he ate his "chow" and interspersed the conversation with phrases of trench life.

The Exposition was more than an exposition—it was an inspiration, showing how quickly Americans can learn. If it's baseball, it's baseball with all the intensity of the American nature. If it's war, they learn war with the same intensity and alertness as the national sport, for every face passing the booths where the exhibits of all activities were made held an understanding, an appreciation of it all.



United States Marines' front line trenches in the ruins of a French village

Copyright, Committee on Public Information

win the war—was an inspiring spectacle. Bands played the war songs; the triumphant arches and masses of people congregated made it seem like the celebration of a victory. And it was a victory—the victory of a patriotic spirit that rules the country.

On the lake-front at Grant Park was held the great War Exposition. Here were exhibited grim reminders of the struggles overseas. Hours before the time announced for the opening, crowds surged at the gates. They were anxious to see those mementos of actual conflict. The Chicago Citizen's Committee, of which Mr. Samuel Insull was chairman, and Mr. C. I. Campbell, who managed the exposition at San Francisco and Los Angeles, soon had everything in readiness. The guns battered and shattered in the fight that had dealt death and destruction were the centers of attraction. These lined the main thoroughfare. The muzzle of one gun torn off, here the dent of the rapid-fire machine-gun bullets—all of them suggestive of gruesome scenes. Here was the airplane of Guynemer, with its history of triumph, and as I watched people view it, reverently almost, I thought what other monument more fitting for this daring "ace" than the machine in which he had scaled the clouds and brought down the Huns, turning the tide of Germany's challenge for the freedom of the skies?

Over to the right was a reproduction of the fighting ground in Picardy. On one side were the Germans and on the other side the Americans, dashing thru bombardments, giving every day a sham battle with a reality that was intense. Around this the spectators gathered, cheering with ardent enthusiasm, and, no doubt, each one thinking of some boy "over there."

With mothers busy in the hospitals and munition plants, French kiddies have not had as much attention as their little bodies require, in consequence of which the American Red Cross has offered to teach the little folks to care for themselves. This picture shows a Red Cross nurse giving impromptu lectures on personal cleanliness in a street in Marseille



As I stood on the platform, facing that throng, the pouring rain running down my collar, my one longing was to be able to transmit the expressions on the faces before me to the boys "over there." It would be a picture that would even stimulate the unflinching ardor of the boys, determined already to "stick to the finish." The people were hungry to hear about the war, and over in the Chautauqua tent provided by Mr. H. P. Harrison of the Redpath Bureau, the throng piled in and listened to the stories of the boys "over there" and the addresses of the labor leaders in charge of the exercises.

The airplanes outside were droning like reapers in a distant

field, and on the lake was a camouflaged ship, as if proudly in anchor close to the trenches. Every day the boys had a rehearsal of bending low and sweeping along the trench. It was altogether a rehearsal indeed and a revelation, showing the unity of the nation in one great purpose. Everywhere the flag was flying more resplendent than ever, and the people came and went, prompted by the impulse to do something and see something that would help along with the great work.

The sailors from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and the soldiers from nearby camps were the objects of ardent admiration as they mingled among the throngs. The uniform gave a distinction that nothing else could surpass—the pre-eminent distinction of the times.

* * *

IN these days, one who has not the consciousness of doing something of concrete use in connection with the war is apt to be lonesome, and likely to be miserable. The wonder of it all is that when the American people start thinking along a certain line, any other course does not seem to be possible. One activity which, in my judgment, strikes the keynote of the universal duty and responsibility of the American people to the soldiers overseas is the "home tie" letter suggested in the campaign organized by Mr. Louis W. Hill, chairman of the board on the Great Northern Railway. In many places I took note of the placards and pamphlets circulated to promote this idea, but nowhere was there a name to indicate the man or men back of it. By dint of diligent inquiry, I found the moving spirit to be none other than my friend Louis Hill.

When I spoke to them face to face, the one thing that the boys overseas told me, over and over, in answer to my query as to what I should tell the folks at home was "Write! Write!" They told me of the soldier who flung himself into the machine-gun fire after weeks and months of weary waiting for letters from home. These boys are actually hungry for the white messengers of cheer. And in the literature of the "Home Tie Clubs" there is an irresistible appeal. Every individual who calls himself an American should be on the Honor Roll or the Junior Honor Roll of this organization, for these letters keep the "home ties" unbroken. It is the letters from the boys more than any



Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild, New York City

"MAURICE"

The dancer of pre-war days, Maurice Moret, served the country of his adoption as interpreter for the A. E. F. headquarters in France

other one thing that keep the morale of the country up to the highest pitch, strengthening the hearts of the home folks, and so much more important it is that they should know how the home folks are thinking of them and backing them up. I know what it means. I have seen these strong men with faces radiant as they received the letters; I have seen them dart around the corner and kiss these letters as loved missives, when they may be only greetings from a casual friend.

Mr. Hill's "Home Tie Campaign" is doing much toward awakening the conscience of the country to "do it now" and every day. What tho the mails are irregular, so much more the necessity to write frequently. It takes only a minute and a five-cent stamp to bring a ray of sunshine to the trenches. It is not what the letter contains in itself, but the opportunity it gives him to talk it over with his comrades.

Letters from home form the dominant subject of conversation in the moments of leisure. There are only two things the soldier is thinking of—what he is fighting for, and home. That encompasses the whole thought of his life and being. In fact, one French general has said that he found the letters from home mean quite as much to the soldiers in answering to the call of duty as the orders from the officers, for the letters from home remind them of the real reason why they are there.

* * *

WHEN it comes to a close analysis of war conditions, few observers have a more comprehensive grasp of all phases of the situation than Mr. Otto Kahn. On his return from a tour thru England, Spain and France, where he visited General Pershing and the American front, he was first impressed with the spirit of Great Britain and the efficiency of her war effort, one specific result of which was the salvage of \$500,000,000 out of things that formerly went into the scrap heap. His tribute to France, superb in

her heroism, is eloquent. The French affection for America he considers but a natural corollary.

Mr. Kahn's experiences during past years enabled him to weigh values accurately. It is significant that he warns against paternalistic control becoming permanent, insisting that the genius of American individual enterprise must be set free again for the welfare and opportunity of the masses as it served to

prepare them to meet this great crisis. The fact that the French people are turning in the direction of stimulating personal enterprise and throwing aside those insidious and dangerous Socialistic tendencies that have been so easily prostituted for

minor complaints, but these were greatly overshadowed in his effort to find words to express the depth and intensity of his admiration for the spirit, morale and achievements of the American Army.

The simple determination to hold life cheap for the honor and glory and safety of America was thrilling to the traveler. On returning from overseas, he is overwhelmed with the debt of gratitude and recognition due from the nation to its defenders. Mr. Kahn calls attention to the golden opinions our soldiers have won from European comrades. The wonderful fighting and planning not glimpsed in the spectacular glare of the battlefield are no less impressive in their bearing on the war than in the great coalition of ideals and purposes that are crystallizing into a new civilization.

"No American," said Mr. Kahn, "can come in touch with the affectionate admiration, with the trust and faith of the Allied nations toward our country without feeling even more profoundly and reverently than before the high privilege of being an American citizen, and without being stirred by a solemn sense of the obligation to do whatever he individually may be capable of doing, to prove himself a worthy servant of the great republic in war, as well as in peace, and an earnest and sincere helper, however modestly and humbly, toward the realization of her high ideals and lofty mission."

* * *

SEVENTEENTH ENGINEERS IN FRANCE

Last Christmas they gave a regular party, Christmas tree, gifts and all, to the little French kiddies who happened to live near their cantonment. It's plain to be seen that the youngsters enjoyed the occasion no whit less than the doughty engineers themselves—these same men who distinguished themselves by exchanging pick and shovel for guns and helping the British repel a fierce Hun attack

the purpose of the Huns, as illustrated in Russia, is a most certain indication of the trend of events.

Mr. Kahn's account of his trip thru Spain is especially interesting, for he found that country not only neutral, but actually sympathetic and friendly to America. Altho it has been long looked on as a cesspool for German intrigue and rendezvous for spies, he urged that America delay not too long in laying the groundwork for adequate assertion of American enterprise in Spain.

With characteristic frankness, he called attention to the

AN advertising agency, on account of its peculiar sphere of usefulness, is necessarily composed of men who keep a-tiptoe on all phases having to do with merchandising and selling. They must needs be wide-awake, quick to catch the significance of the smallest leaf's slightest movement in the wind, quick to link observation with information, and quick to take advantage of every opportunity. As a matter of fact, the advertising fraternity today includes the best to be had of the genus writer and illustrator. Such organizations, built up in peace times, possessed the machinery to take care of the demands which the war made on the Fourth Estate's shop window.

One concern, quick to realize its responsibilities and equally



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SECTION OF THE CROWD AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Soldiers, sailors and civilians gathered in force to help make the party a gay one. It would be possible to guess the localities whence came the men in the foreground of the picture. Those with overcoats buttoned close to the neck, and one who shamelessly sports a muffler, surely are natives of the sunny South, while the "gobs" and the nonchalant Marine at center seem to give no thought to the weather. Some of the barracks of the cantonment may be seen in the background

It took him just as he went up over the trench parapet—took him full in his bare and muscular throat. It was hardly bigger than one of those rubber crasers tinned to the ends of lead pencils. But with the driving power of high energy powder behind its steel-jacketed nose, it was an altogether competent and devilishly capable agent of destruction.

He lay quite still, a few yards ahead of the trench, where his rush had carried him. The morning drew toward noon ♦♦♦ With night came the beginning of his torment. First it was thirst, then fever, then delirium. Always his spilling wound burned and throbbed. Even on the second night, with the rain beating down upon him, it glowed like a kiln. By the third day his agony spoke in screams ♦♦♦ A stretcher party found him and trundled him away, down through the line of Red Cross units, from dressing station to field base, eventually to Paris ♦♦♦ He was French, but he was fighting our fight. He was French, but a few months from now his counterpart may be American. There are bullets enough for all. He may be a boy you know, perhaps a neighbor's boy, even your own. Fighting our fight ♦♦♦ Will you help him, when our fight has broken him, to fight his? Will you help him, when his young body and vivid force are spent and shattered, to retrieve what he may? Join the American

Red Cross. It is the wounded soldier's truest ally. It is his minister and guardian. It is his hope. Join the Local Chapter—it has only a portion of the membership it should have. Take a dollar membership, a five or ten dollar one—a hundred dollar one if you can. Do your part. If you cannot go, you can give. Those going are giving immeasurably more.

REPRODUCTION OF TWO-COLOR PAGE FURNISHED BY
ERWIN & WASEY FOR RED CROSS DRIVE

quick to use its facilities and abilities to the utmost in the country's service, inaugurated the plan of sending out to the newspapers strikingly-gotten-up, well-written and illustrated page ads, in the form of mats, for the Liberty Loan and other patriotic drives. The newspapers, in their turn, "sold" these mats, together with a page or so of space, to some patriotic concern as a contribution toward "winning the war."

These pages running simultaneously in the newspapers had an unquestioned value in putting the different Loan Drives "over the top." Each one carried the name and perhaps trade-mark of some firm high in the esteem of the purchasing world, but there was nothing to inform the reading public that the most telling, the most effective of these, were furnished by the Erwin & Wasey Company of Chicago. The newspapers knew this, of course, and perhaps the man who paid for the space, but this advertising organization hid from its right hand the doings of its left, content in the assurance that its work was accomplishing the ends for which it was intended.

The drawings with which we have illustrated Mr. Osborne's poem, "They Have Not Died in Vain," appeared in two different "Liberty Loan" pages from Erwin & Wasey.

* * * *

ON the site of the historical "Ye Crown Coffee House," built in Boston in 1635, the traditions and ideals of our progressive fathers have been preserved in the towering new structure of the Fidelity Trust Company, overlooking the old State House and State Street, the financial center of Boston.

The development of this institution illustrates the open door of opportunity that presents itself to energetic Americans. Bank consolidations were being made rapidly in Boston. Customer and consumer were coming closer together, and bankers began to realize that finance includes something more than merely loaning and handling money. In 1913, the idea of the Fidelity Trust Company was conceived, and on May 15th quarters were opened in the Board of Trade Building. Leonard H. Rhodes was the first president. Later on, finding that his personal business demanded much of his time, he asked to be relieved, but still remained vice-president. Mr. James G. Ferguson, one of the two brothers who built up the largest baking business in the East, is now president.

The Trust Company was organized with \$500,000 capital, with a surplus of \$100,000, and a substantial and helpful growth made it necessary to increase the figures to \$2,000,000 capital, with \$400,000 surplus. The little acorns that were planted in the dreams of the young men, State Senator E. T. McKnight and his associates, have surpassed even their most

sanguine expectations. Among the vice-presidents are Edward C. Donnelly, a famous Boston man, whose name was associated with the outdoor poster display. The loss of Frank F. McLeod, whose early death was mourned by his associates, was the first to break the circle of those who had built up the institution.

The Fidelity Trust Company soon became one of the rapidly growing and active institutions in the old Boston market district, clustered around historic Faneuil Hall. The personnel of those associated in the institution indicates the result of co-operative constructive genius. It was the first financial institution to unfurl an American flag within the banking room, which made a strong impression on the thousands of customers coming and going, in the days when war was deemed a remote possibility for all time.

The bank building itself strikes the last note in equipment. The gigantic battleship door of the safe deposit vaults; the departments for customers, especially the room for women customers, have made the Fidelity a friendly neighborhood bank, exemplifying the old Crown Coffee House spirit. There are pneumatic tubes and every possible appliance to save labor, dispatch work and afford protection. But more than equipment, perfect as it is, is the spirit of the Fidelity. The institution has been naturally associated with successful enterprises, with successful men, holding fast to the moorings of thrift and the provident habits of New England forbears. The atmosphere of the institution is free from the pall-like silence and reserve which make of banking institutions places of majestic awe rather than of everyday use. There is much in a name, especially when that name represents the spirit of the institution. Fidelity to friends and customers and to the most improved and broad views in banking, encouraging development anchored in a belief in those inherent basic values, which market fluctuations cannot affect, that expresses concisely why the company has earned confidence and popularity in making and keeping a name such as "Fidelity."



Photo by Marceau

HON. E. T. MCKNIGHT
Of the Fidelity Trust Company, Boston

GOVERNOR James M. Cox, of Ohio, is up in arms. He has appointed a committee to squeeze every drop of Prussian propaganda out of the laws of his state. Few people realize the silent movement which has been on foot for years, to establish the German thought and ideals in this country. The war has awakened the different states to the peril of it, and it is amazing to find laws compelling the teaching of German, compelling the publishing of legal ads in German papers, unwittingly doing everything possible to Germanize the great American nation. Every law on the statute book of every state ought to be scrutinized and sifted of everything but pure Americanism.

"I don't know what other states are doing along this line," said Governor Cox, "but Ohio is going to pull out every root and branch of Germanism. We are also tackling the Americanization problem by planning a permanent teaching organization, embracing churches, schools and manufacturing plants, to teach foreigners our own language and practically force them to learn it. At one Americanization meeting I attended recently

to give us that we need. Their sturdy, fine boys and girls are growing up to be real Americans."

Governor "Jim" then took another grip with his teeth on his unlighted stogie, and pointed his finger to give emphasis to his words: "We have got the melting pot of the world in America, all right, but it has got to be taken care of, that's all."



HON. JAMES M. COX

more than thirty languages were represented. Think of it! America cannot hope to cope with the foreign problem until it can bring these thirty languages into one—and that the American tongue.

"I am always impressed when I see the little foreign children being educated in our schools. When we help the foreigner we help ourselves, for in these children they have something



Photograph by Brown Bros., New York

HON. JAMES M. BECK

WHEN I was asked to name the most prominent attorney in the United States, I immediately thought of Mr. James M. Beck, formerly assistant attorney-general of the United States, who has argued over forty important cases before the Supreme Court.

When he made his first appearance in the Supreme Court, he modestly slipped into his seat almost unnoticed. Later he argued a case for four hours, never looking at a note or figure. It was one of the few oral arguments telegraphed all over the country. In 1902, when he appeared in the Northern Securities case, he again made an oral argument lasting five hours, referring to the capitalization figures of all the various railroad companies and dates involved in this important case without the use of a note.

Judge Grey heard the first argument, and when his name was brought to President Cleveland he said that "that young man knows how to practice law," and he was appointed assistant attorney-general. He has had more cases in the Supreme Court than any other attorney now living, rivaling the great record

of the late Joseph Choate and the late John G. Johnson. The dream of the young attorney is to appear before the Supreme Court. It is like the dream of the actor who feels that he must play "Hamlet" at least once before he passes on to that country where "Yorick's skull" becomes a grim reality.

Mr. Beck's book, "The Evidence in the Case," remains the most conclusive record yet presented as to the moral responsibility of the Kaiser for precipitating the war. When Mr. Beck visited England after bringing out this work, the critics pronounced him the most eloquent speaker who ever addressed British audiences.

In the legal profession he is known as the man who has handled many cases in the Supreme Court. As assistant attorney-general, he won distinctive fame by his handling of



Photo by Nash, Peoria, Ill.

G. I. SWENEY

the Northern Securities case and other great cases. He has been identified with several of the big newspaper changes of the country, evolving the sale of the Philadelphia *Ledger*. For many years general counsel for the New York *Sun*, his fame as an international lawyer and his mastery of the details of history of modern traitor in the case against Germany made him in demand as a public speaker, and a foremost figure of his time.

Known as a great Shakespearean student, he dedicated his book to Belgium's Albert, "every inch a king." Quotations from Shakespeare apropos of the present war are fitted in with the exactness of legal citations.

In a recent address delivered at the Opera House in Boston, Mr. Beck analyzed the peril of premature peace parleys. It was accounted the last word as a discussion of matters that have been heretofore chiefly discussed by the President. True to his love of Shakespeare, he painted a picture of having the Allies struggle bravely on until, as Hamlet forced the poison down the throat of the guilty king, so the Allies can commend to the Kaiser the same bitter potion that he commends to them. He insisted that if we are to have a liberal civilization there is no room for a Hohenzollern in it.

* * * *

THE dinner of the Independent Oil Men in New York began with patriotic songs, and imagine my surprise to find that the only other speaker on this occasion was Job E. Hedges. Now Job, as you know, is some speaker, but he held my nervous hand and told me to go to it, and I started.

The audience sat on the gilded chairs for over an hour. Well, I told them the story of their boys in France, and I wish you could see the faces of the mothers present as I looked at the Service Buttons and said, "Do you realize that these service stars are worth more than a diadem, more priceless than any jewels a queen ever possessed? Do you realize that diadems and rubies can never appropriately adorn these emblems or equal the light that shines from these pins, and I can see them tonight gleaming in the far distance of the banquet hall."

We had a regular get-together family meeting. Then Job followed—Job with a masterly classical address. He took all the fuss and feathers of my pyrotechnic display and crystallized the suggestion of thoughts into a constructive argument of how and why. If there is a man who can get to the taproots of a question and analyze and construct a logical proportion, his name is Job Hedges. I sat there and my cigar went out repeatedly, listening to Job Hedges as he argued from the very depths of facts into sublime heights of glory of soul-life to which the world has awakened today in this war, that America had found her soul, Belgium, Serbia, England and France, and that the lost souls of today were those of Germany and her Allies, who had seemed to forget the real purpose of life and civilization.

Well, it was altogether a wonderful meeting. Everyone said it was a wonderful meeting, and, of course, as one of the speakers, I was gratified that I had a part in it, but making a speech was nothing in comparison to the inspiration and pleasure of meeting these oil people from all over the country, who have, indeed, played their part in the preparation and prosecution of this war. The toastmaster was Judge M. J. Byrne of Waterbury, Connecticut, and the new president of the association is Mr. G. I. Sweney of Peoria, Illinois, who was beaming with happiness in the light of admiration and confidence of his associates.

At the banquet table was Mr. A. C. Bedford, whose genius has done much toward conservation of oil. He it was who had the information and facts co-ordinated into practical observations which constitute intelligence of a subject necessary in meeting the serious emergencies that have come up from time to time. To keep the fires burning along the front with the gasoline, that moves not only the camions and cannon, but gives the very life blood that throbs with those daring and dashing adventures in forces fighting overhead which has challenged Germany for the freedom of the skies as the navy has for the freedom of the seas. And how much this all means in the utilization of aviation for transportation purposes in the future. The hope then was that these droning airplanes would become the soaring dragons of the skies to come down on Germany like the vengeance from heaven and destroy those who are opposing life, liberty and pursuit of happiness, if the armistice terms were not accepted.

* * * *

THE eleventh annual convention of the Deeper Waterways Association was more than a perfunctory gathering of delegates. They assembled in Boston and began at once getting right down to brass tacks and discussing the present and pressing necessities. There were delegates from all the cities of the Atlantic Coast, including many Mayors, Representatives and Senators. There was the rousing address of Senator Ransdell of Louisiana, which indicated that the fire and interest in deeper waterways began when he was a member of the House, and did not subside with Senatorial honors.

At the banquet at Symphony Hall, Secretary Redfield made an address which indicated that the government had now approved projects which had long been dreamed of under the pressure of war necessity. At the dinner the patriotic spirit with song, story and speech was dominant, lasting far past low twelve. The cause glowed with renewed interest. It was e'en midnight's holy hour when J. Hampton Moore arose, walking back and forth on the stage where members of the Symphony had sat in array, and, with slapping hands and voice familiar in Congressional debates hammered home the necessity of deeper waterways.

The delegates were entertained under the guidance of J. N. Cole and shown all the projects in and (Continued on page 572)

Talking to Labor in a New Tone

By JAMES A. METCALF



NEW idea has come out of the South—a war-time idea, but one big with potentialities for all times. But perhaps the idea is not so new as is its unusual application toward the solution of the greatest national problem—how to bring labor and capital together on a plane of frank understanding and mutual sympathy.

At the very outset let us take a long step toward the desired goal by eliminating from common usage those words "labor" and "capital," to which cling so many odious memories of industrial disagreements, and substitute the designation "employers" and "employees." The lexicographer may declare this a distinction without a difference, but when words become contaminated by association it is sometimes desirable to adopt synonyms.

One writer says: "Most of the economic talking that is specifically addressed to labor nowadays is done by Socialists or on a socialistic basis." This is undoubtedly true. There are many others doing a lot of talking, but their main trouble is that they talk "at" labor rather than "to" labor. They do not get within good conversational distance, and also make the serious mistake of addressing their observations to a class, or a mass, instead of to so many definite, individual Americans. The man whose individual importance has been immensely magnified by the war and who feels that the incidental circumstances of his station in life do not differentiate him from his fellows nor destroy his identity, rather objects to being continually "classified." He considers himself a person and expects to be regarded as such, in the general as well as the private relations of life.

The strength of the socialistic appeal lies in the fact that it takes cognizance of the individuality, the human existence of the workingman, and meets him upon the plane where he "lives and moves and has his being." And this does not imply that the one who makes successful appeal to the intelligence, good sense and patriotism of the man who toils must descend one step lower than the level of the common democracy our nation is fighting to establish thruout the world.

There are happy exceptions to the rule among the employers, consisting of far-visioned men who realize that the world is being re-made, and that all civil and social institutions are in the melting pot. To such as these has come the conviction that there must be a definite and complete readjustment of the relations between employer and employe in order to counteract the activities of these self-same Socialists and to remodel our industrial system along less drastic lines than these radicals advocate. The one

who convinces the toiling millions that his system or program of reform promises the most for individual uplift and social betterment will win the day.

To a large extent, this is only a war-time *entente cordiale* which the best men in both the employing and the working class are striving to establish, but there are many far-seeing, fair-minded and justice-loving spirits on both sides of the line who are earnestly working for something more than a temporary truce, who believe that the get-together spirit which the imminence of the Hun Peril has generated may be preserved and projected into the after-days of peace, when the great energies of the United States must continue to be exercised to the fullest extent for the world task of rehabilitation.

And now for a particular illustration of the comparative ease with which employers and employees have been brought into sympathetic touch thru the instrumentality of a plain, successful Southern business man.

With an amazing development, due to the existence in unlimited quantities and in closely adjacent territory of all the essentials of steel production, the Birmingham, Alabama, district has grown by leaps and bounds in recent years. The operators of this district have had an uphill fight for the recognition of their product, which was not won until the stamp of federal approval was placed upon it.

Today there are located in and around Birmingham more than three-score great industries, varying in magnitude, which are engaged in the production of war essentials on a large scale, to say nothing of the multitude of smaller concerns which are of greater or less importance to the nation at

this time. For the purposes of this discussion it is not necessary to go into details and statistics of output, other than to say that the importance of this Birmingham district is fully recognized in Washington, and is being constantly called upon to augment its production. Even now there is in process of erection a steel fabricating plant which will contribute directly to a large shipbuilding yard at Mobile.

It is quite frankly admitted that the Birmingham district has had much more than outside opposition and hostility of a possibly invidious character to contend with in its struggle for precedence. A critical labor situation has prevailed. On one hand, Unionism has fought hard to extend its sway; on the other hand, organized industry has been equally determined to continue the "open shop."

The war, which, it is said, has changed all things and will change many others, even to a permanency of alteration, has made some difference in this Birmingham situation, but not enough to dissipate the unrest and uncertainty which is perhaps comparable to the



Photo by Harris & Ewing

JOHN B. DENSMORE

delicate balance which prevailed between European nations before a comparatively trivial incident upset the whole situation and imbroiled the world in war. Thus it has been feared that some incidental or individual difference between an employer and his men might prove to be the "Sarajevo incident" of the Birmingham district.

But now, into this latently critical situation, emphasized not long ago by one strike which was happily settled before it became a generally-igniting firebrand, a new element has been introduced—the conciliatory spirit and gospel of fair play which is being enunciated by the United States Employment Service of the Department of Labor. In the Birmingham district the "revival" was inaugurated in a very practical manner, and its converts were immediately numerous.



CLIFF WILLIAMS

Had one suggested a few months ago that it would be possible and profitable to bring the employers and employees of Birmingham and its tributary industrial territory together about a banquet board for a friendly intermingling and discussion of their differences, it is probable that the suggestion would have been scouted on all sides. If one had gone still further and advocated the formation of committees on which prominent representatives of capital and of both organized and unorganized labor would work pleasantly together in arrangements for an event of the character named, the advocate of such a plan might have been classed as *non compos mentis*. Then suppose that a dreamer of better times and conditions had gone to the extreme—right here in the heart of the Southland—of proposing that blacks and whites join hands, not to break bread together, but to unite in celebrating an Employers' and Employees' 100 Per Cent War Efficiency Day—what would the general public verdict have been at that time—say one year ago?

Cliff Williams, of Meridian, Mississippi, as he himself so often says, "is not a lawyer, a politician, or a preacher, but just a plain business man." He was born on a plantation in the Mississippi black belt, where there were twenty negroes to one white man. His father served three years in the Confederate Army, and Mr. Williams takes occasion to state when

he talks to the colored people that he will never forget how three families of negroes stayed on the place while his father was away fighting for what he believed to be right, and took good care of his mother and brothers.

Mr. Williams has been more than ordinarily successful in business. He was devoting himself to the interests of the Food Administration in his section when the United States Employment Service, given full control of the labor situation of the country, began to reach out for local and sectional executives. When a telegram from Senator John Sharp Williams summoned him to Washington, this good citizen responded, tho it required some strong presentation of his patriotic duty to induce him to accept the superintendency of the sixth district, comprising states of Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Florida.

Then a vision of the possibilities and the importance of this position dawned upon him, and he discarded every private business consideration to throw himself heart and soul into this new work. To him it presented not only an opportunity to help secure labor for war industries and to stabilize the employment conditions of the nation, but it also seemed to open up the way for disseminating "the spirit of brotherly love," to arouse the negroes, as the South's most important industrial factor, to the exertion of their greatest efforts by promising them even justice and fair play, without complicating the race problem by introducing the question of social equality. He knows the black man and understands how to talk to him, plainly but kindly, as no Northern man could do. His effort is to stimulate in the negroes a pride in their racial integrity equal to that which the Anglo-Saxon feels, maintaining always that the color line cannot be crossed. To this appeal the colored people everywhere respond enthusiastically.

Mr. Williams found ready to his hand in this work an unusual instrument which he had created and effectively used on a small scale in the form of "home products" dinners. This has a very homely sound, but it produces results. He had seen its workings in his own county, where it had brought warring factions together for the benefit of worthy enterprises.

After an extended trip thru his district, preaching everywhere with evident results the necessity of "co-operation and co-ordination of effort," as well as the duty of every able-bodied person to work full time six days per week for winning the war, Superintendent Williams fixed upon Birmingham, with its important industrial interests and its critical labor situation, as the point where he would put his system to the supreme test.

He invited Director-General John B. Densmore of the United States Employment Service to come to Birmingham on this occasion in order to add inspiration to the event and to see for himself just "how it works." Mr. Densmore has been a mighty busy man for months. He is holding down one of the biggest jobs in the United States. Anyone who doubts this may take President Wilson's own words to that effect. General Crowder's task is a mighty one—to summon into the fighting forces five million Americans—but he has back of him the Selective Service Law. Director-General Densmore and his assistants must mobilize an effective industrial army of thirty millions on the voluntary plan—six workers for every fighter. The Director-General had, of necessity, refused countless similar invitations, but he had some knowledge of the unusual work this man Williams was doing and he wanted to get a closer view of it. So he came.

Governor Charles Henderson of Alabama lent his presence and assistance. Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, and recently back from France, came all the way from Boston "to take a slant at this new system." Harris Dickson, the South's noted literateur and creator of "Ole Reliable," accepted Mr. Williams' invitation. President Samuel Gompers, much desired as a guest, was away on his European mission, and Acting President Alpine delegated Jerome Jones, editor of a labor paper at Atlanta and southern organizer, to represent the American Federation of Labor. There were other distinguished guests.

Local committees were named. As previously noted, representatives of the manufacturers, (Continued on page 574)

The Community House at Camp Sherman

By BENNETT CHAPPLE

CAMP SHERMAN, at Chillicothe, Ohio, nestles in a beautiful valley—that is, if anything so big and huge as Camp Sherman, with its forty thousand troops and mile upon mile of barracks could be said to nestle. From behind three large hills that form the first slopes of the Allegheny Mountains, the rising sun peeks over at the great army camp, to be greeted by the bugler's "Can't get 'em up in the mornin'." These very same hills, set in the rays of the rising sun, are pictured on the great seal of the State of Ohio, for Chillicothe was the first capital of the state, and the inspiring dawn of statehood is thus fittingly preserved.

Chillicothe has been the mobilizing headquarters for the state troops of Ohio in other wars. It is quite used to the job. The frosted old brick headquarters were in use in 1812 and again during the Civil War, and now, more hoary than ever, they form the center of a camp larger than was ever dreamed of before.

The camp is about two miles from town. Animated taxicabs ply back and forth, in which one may "bounce" his way in either direction for a quarter. On a public turnpike, technically outside the camp, but in reality in the center, is the famous Camp Sherman Community House. It has attracted nationwide attention by its revolution of old ideas of military training and the introduction of a new and subtle "home influence" into the heart of the camp.

This unique Community House and its accompanying buildings are distinctive. The good men and women of Ohio have blazed a new and important trail toward military democracy in America. Many other states are watching the success of the enterprise with a view of establishing similar community houses at other national army camps. In the first year nearly \$500,000 has been expended, all subscribed by private organizations and individuals in support of an ideal. The group of buildings at the community center consists of the Red Cross House, with four huge wings, built in the shape of a cross, flanked on either side by dormitories, bearing the names of different organizations and cities. For a nominal charge of one dollar per bed the mothers, wives, sweethearts and members of the soldiers' families can stay over night or over the week-end, in the little "heart of the camp." An individual is permitted to occupy a room for a period including one week-end only. The beds are single, two in a room, with first-class mattress and linen. The rooms are clean, cozy, compact, and give the visitor a good idea of barracks life. One building has been set aside for the wives and children—the families of the soldier—where they can stay while he remains in camp.

The main Community House is built to accommodate the Saturday and Sunday crowds that pour into the camp. Hundreds of automobiles are parked before its door on these days, and the wide porch extending around the front and sides is as crowded as a summer hotel at a popular beach resort. The entrance is not unlike that of a well-appointed hotel lobby. On the left two alert, smiling young women attend the desk. Opposite an ample cloak room provides a place for hats and coats, also conducted by young women, all wives of soldiers. A cigar stand is stationed invitingly near the big roomy chairs and sofas of the smoke corner.

The interior decorations are simple, but beautiful, made up principally of flags. A natural stain of the woodwork half way to the roof, with just a suggestion of red now and then in the figure of the familiar cross, gives a sense of harmony and charm to the great, vast expanse of the building.

At the extreme end of one of the wings of the Red Cross building is a stage, before which three to five thousand people

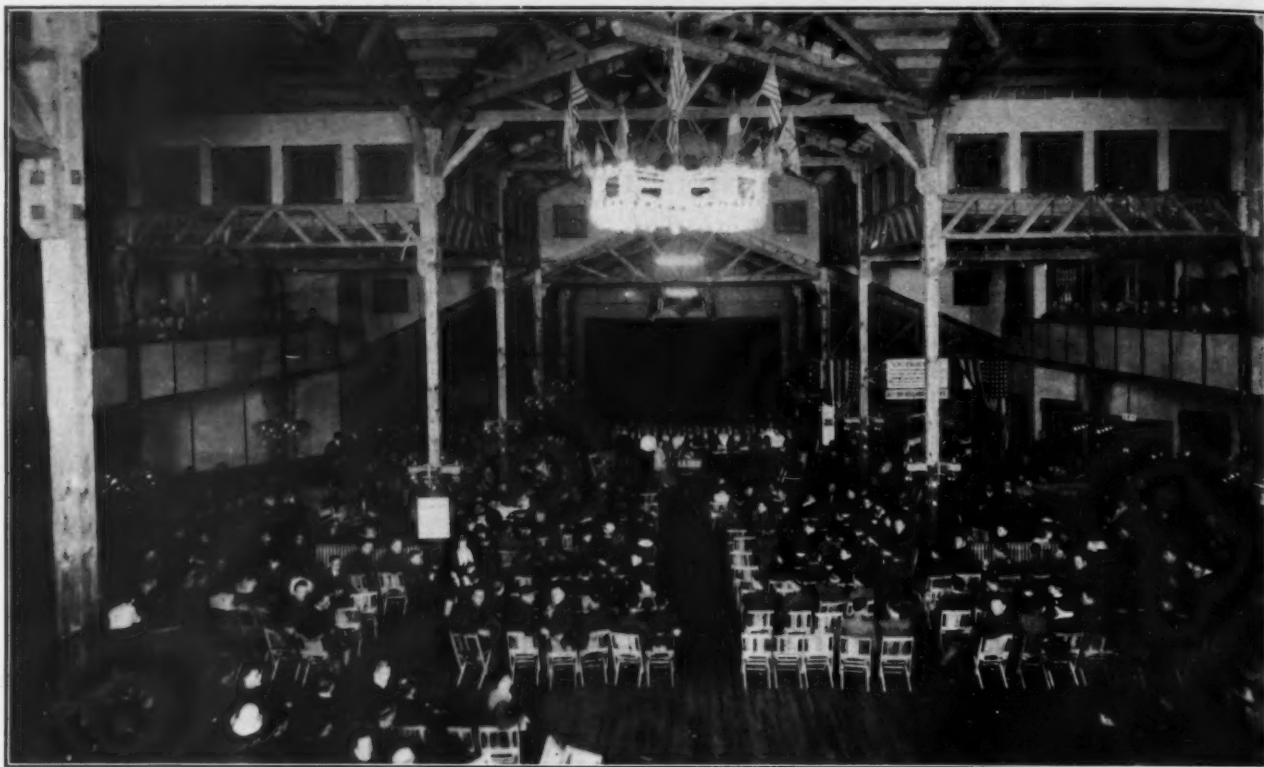
can be seated. Opposite is the dining room, or community restaurant, resplendent with snowy table linen, glistening glass and glittering silverware. The waitresses, in gray uniforms, neat white aprons and white collars, serve the food to guests at a nominal charge. Table d'hote dinners are seventy-five cents, luncheons fifty cents, and combination breakfasts from twenty-five cents up. One may select at will from a menu card, or order regular meals, just as desired—the prices in both cases are reasonable. These cheery waitresses are mostly wives of soldier boys. The work in the community restaurant offers them employment at thirty dollars per month, including board and lodging. It also offers an opportunity to



MAJOR GENERAL EDWIN F. GLENN
83d Division, National Army, first commandant of Camp Sherman

still be near the husband while he remains in camp, and this means much to both the young wife and to the husband who has donned the uniform of Uncle Sam.

Major General Glenn, first commandant of Camp Sherman and now fighting in France with the 83d Division, was the originator of the Community House idea. A big, broad-viewed sympathetic man, when the first drafted soldiers landed in Camp Sherman, he saw its need. There was no place to take care of the family and friends that came to see his soldier boys. Major General Glenn believed some way should be found to encourage these visits, to relieve homesickness and loneliness.



THE AUDITORIUM

With a seating capacity of three to five thousand; ready for the entertainment; the floor will be cleared and—"on with the dance"

Most camps were located near large cities that could absorb the transient; Camp Sherman was not. Chillicothe is a small town, and the crowds that came swamped it. There was no place to eat and no place to sleep. As a consequence, many old people as well as young, who had come to see the boys and expected to find some place to lodge in the town, were obliged to walk the streets. It meant real suffering and hardship. The residents of Chillicothe, like true patriots, met the situation as well as they could, and it was not uncommon for as many as two thousand people to be taken into the private homes

of this little town in a single night. Even today, with the great Community House in operation, many are turned away each week end for lack of accommodation.

The Camp Sherman Community is under the charge of the commandant of the camp, Captain J. C. Netts; an army officer is detailed to act as chairman and treasurer. Captain Netts is a Springfield, Ohio, boy, and before joining the army was a cost-accountant with the *Woman's Home Companion*. He is a quick, alert young officer, right on the job every minute. Nothing gets by his sharp, piercing eyes, nor yet his winning



THE COMMUNITY RESTAURANT

Snowy white table linens, glistening glass and sparkling silver make this restaurant very inviting

and agreeable personality. John N. Kennedy, formerly with the Columbus Athletic Club, is general manager.

It is in the evening, when the golden lights are all aglow, that the Community House is at its best. Joy and sociability fill the very air. An orchestra made up of soldier boys plays each night for dancing—and how those boys can play! The music pours into the ears and filters like some rare joy and ecstasy right down thru to the toes. This orchestra includes some of the best musicians in the state of Ohio, and the music—it just makes you want to dance. The floor is waxed to perfection; what more could a soldier boy ask, especially if his sweetheart is there. Sitting in the balcony, overlooking the happy dancers in the evening, one gets the real significance of the Community House idea. The military rigidity is relaxed, and everyone just has a good time. Enlisted men and officers are on the same level. It is one place where salutes are tabooed—and a man's a man, no matter what his rank. Gliding figures trace their steps lightly back and forth, laughing and talking and looking into each other's eyes, and well—having a good time. In such happiness war seems far away. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, the bugle interrupts and grim war claims attention—only for a moment the music stops and every dancer is arrested—a major, a captain, or maybe a plain Mr. Private is wanted at the telephone. His name is called out, then the music swings back into rhythm, and the dance is on again. Major, captain, or private, it is all the same on the dance floor of the Community House at Camp Sherman. The only rank is that of the gentlemen, to which all belong. A hostess is on hand to give formal introductions at these dances, and the boys have an opportunity to meet young women as soldiers and gentlemen.

Altho Camp Sherman Community House was established to give social diversion to the men in the camp, it has demonstrated a real military reason for existence. The time allotted the enlisted man in camp, training for war, is so short that those things which help him to keep happy and contented, without missing a day from his training, is considered of first importance. The Camp Sherman Community House has demonstrated its worth from a military standpoint in that it has cut down the number of requests for furloughs among the soldiers, thereby allowing the boys to stay on the job. Their parents, wives and sweethearts have come to Camp Sherman to visit them, and it is not necessary to miss a single day of training.

It was this practical side of the Camp Sherman community project that only time and experience could establish. The idea is spreading rapidly. The state of Michigan has recently authorized the expenditure of \$250,000 to build a Camp Community House at Camp Custer, patterned after the one at Camp Sherman.

The increased spirit and moral influences brought into the soldier's life by such a community center are of inestimable value, for the good pushes out the bad, and the camp takes on a new character, due to the presence of good women, who are so closely allied with its activities.

Private soldiers and officers alike at Camp Sherman are in complete accord with the idea. Ex-President Roosevelt was so impressed with his visit to the Community House at Camp Sherman that he declared it was "the military ideal for a democracy."

The calling of all our bright young men, many of them with college educations, into the great National Army, has made it necessary to bridge in some slight measure the former social gulf between the enlisted man and the officer. American common sense and public opinion is willing to agree that the private should be subject to strict and absolute discipline when under orders, but the idea that a captain cannot dance with a private's sister at a public dance—that an officer cannot associate with a private outside of camp—these ideas can never be accepted by the American people.

The community project of Camp Sherman has not had altogether easy sailing. At first it seemed too radical a departure from military practice. Many believed it would die a quick death, because it would interfere with the discipline of the soldiers. The result, however, is so gratifying that those who

were inclined to criticize the project most severely are today among its supporters.

If ever Camp Sherman Community House proved its need, it was during the recent influenza epidemic, when sickness



GEORGE M. VERITY

President of the American Rolling Mill Company, Middletown, Ohio, and chairman of the Camp Sherman Community House Committee, which is the management committee representing the citizens of Ohio who have made the project possible

brought to the camp thousands of devoted parents; mothers and fathers were there trying to be brave, as they faced the bereavement which many of them suffered.

Being located just a half mile from the hospital, within easy walking distance, the mothers and fathers and relatives could go back and forth in five or ten minutes. What it meant for the sick soldier boy to have his mother at his bedside in camp can only be conjectured, but there is no living human being who would not agree that it is wonderful medicine for a lonesome boy sick in camp, far from home.

The State of Ohio is proud of its achievement. The Camp Sherman Community Committee, made up of many of the most prominent men and women of the state, has been an indefatigable worker for its success. A campaign is now on to build three additional buildings to meet the increasing demands for accommodations, and every county in the state is raising its quota. Meanwhile the spirit of the Community House at Camp Sherman is spreading. The American people believe, first of all, in democracy, and the Community House at Camp Sherman is just that very thing, wonderfully expressed.

People it Pays to Know

"There's a Long, Long Trail," and Its Composer, Zo Elliott

By MARY GENEVIEVE HOCHÉ

THE motion picture was being "interpreted" on the organ. An emotional scene was being enacted on the silver screen, and the faint, far-away tones of the organ sang a plaintive melody. Again the strains—triumphantly, with a reverberant swell, only to die away on a sustained, sobbing note.

What, what *is* that music? I asked myself. Hauntingly familiar it was, yet exasperatingly elusive. Each note seemed to whisper the word which should accompany it, yet those words were as unattainable as the tempting fruit which grows in sight, but just out of reach. I beckoned an usher. "What is that tune?" I asked. "Don't know, madam." "Well, it sounds so familiar, couldn't you find out for me?" He whispered to a fellow usher. A shake of the head. Then away down the aisle. I thought he had forgotten me, when he returned, and with an I-knew-it-all-the-time air, informed me sibilantly:

"'Long, Long Trail.'"

"Oh, yes, 'Long, Long Trail.' Of course! What else *could* it be? 'Long, Long Trail'—to be sure." Thus my treacherous memory sought to reinstate itself.

And then, later on, after a procession of "Long, Long Trails" at dinner, theater, parade, band concert and home "sing"—repetition only serving to make it the more firmly established as one of the most singable of songs—I learned something about Zo Elliott, the composer. Some poems of a then-unknown-to-fame Alonzo Elliott had appeared in the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, I knew—I remembered them—but it never occurred to me that the "Long, Long Trail" man could be the same Elliott.

Now, the NATIONAL feels a sort of I-knew-him-when interest in Zo Elliott, etc., and pats itself on the back with the pride of the discoverer—trusting, the while, that Mr. Elliott doesn't mind!

Never do soldiers or sailors congregate but they must try some "harmony," and "Long, Long Trail," be it said, is a prime favorite with these lads.

I've heard it with goodness knows what words fitted to the melody; the boys in khaki and blue ecstatic over the effect of their own voices in its sweetly-sad phrasing. As the British Tommy, marching off to war, sang "Tipperary," so does the American doughboy sing "Long, Long Trail."

Mr. Elliott has a letter from a friend which explains the song's appeal to the soldier:

"We use the Army and Navy Hymnal here, Zo, and one

Sunday I noticed these songs in the back—Civil War songs, like 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching,' and, the finest of them all, 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' These songs took on a meaning for me then they had never had before. I seemed to be looking back on this war, too, and honestly, I could hardly keep from crying.

"We shall look on 'The Long Trail' in just that way some day. It will become a very hallowed song, Zo; it is the love song of this war, and its sadness is what makes us love it, for that is how we feel. The song seems to understand us, and as we march along we sing out our very hearts in it, ready to die, I swear, like lovers for a sweetheart."

Altho the war has claimed it for its own, "Trail" (this is the composer's own abbreviation) was written some time prior to the war, when Mr. Elliott was a senior at Yale College. Many stories have been told of the circumstances attending its birth. Especially do the soldiers like to tell their own versions of its writing. One sent a letter to a Portland (Oregon) newspaper, to the effect that an American boy who tried to enlist in the Canadian army at the beginning of the war, and was unable to pass the examination, went direct to France, where he was also rejected. The British army finally accepted him and he saw active service. Wounded, sore, on his death bed he wrote the song, and upon its completion, he died. A romantic tale, indeed—one that lent color to the pathetic appeal of the song.

Mr. Elliott tells of another instance. His mother sent a kit to a sailor, who wrote and thanked her in due time. In answering his letter, the mother mentioned that her son was the author of "Long, Long Trail." Imagine her surprise to have "Jack" reply that he remembered, when at school in the South, that an actor, who claimed to have written the song had killed himself. But Zo Elliott feels no less secure in his claim. "Dead men tell no tales" says he.

The really-truly story of the "Trail's" writing is not so ro-

mantic. As Mr. Elliott tells it, and he is undoubtedly the one most likely to know, it happened something like this:

"'Trail' was never intended for a war ballad," he explains. "In fact, it was but another instance of what happens when stern necessity is the goad. It was this way: Stoddard King (who wrote the words) and I used to write all the music for the college comic operas. We were getting ready for our senior year fraternity banquet in Boston, and had worked hard on



ALONZO ("ZO") ELLIOTT

the comic songs which the boys liked, but we felt that a song with a 'heart throb' was what was lacking. One evening—I should have been cramming really—the chorus of the 'Trail' first ran thru my head. I went over to the piano and tried the effect of the melody. It sounded as well to the physical as it did to the mental ear, so I played it over again, with a little more assurance. My roommate, Twitchell, was reading by the lamp. When I had finished, he yelled:

"I say, Elliott, what is that?"

"A poor thing, but my own," I replied, modestly. 'The chorus of a new song. Like it?'

"Bully good thing," he said, enthusiastically. 'Better save that. Who knows, it may make your name and fortune!'

"He was jesting, of course," continued Elliott, "but now I'd swear by his judgment. When King came along, he liked the tune so well that he got an instant inspiration on the words. Some little time later he came rushing in with the finished chorus and an outline of the verses."

"You know all fraternity banquets are a sort of a small-scale 'Bedlam-let-loose,'" he went on. "The one in Boston was no exception. The comic songs evoked hoots and cat calls, and if Brother Bagley's loud voice hadn't been there to demand quiet, the 'Trail' never would have been given the acid test, as we called the first performance of a song at those gatherings. When things had quieted, the 'Trail' was played. At the finish, the boys called for it again, and they joined in the chorus. We knew right away we had hit upon something that was bound to be popular."

Then it was submitted to a number of the leading American publishers, all of whom, according to Mr. Elliott, declined it with thanks. In the fall, the composer went to Cambridge, England, to take a course at Trinity College. In the lodgings below him lived a man who loved music, and who used to bring his friends in evenings for an hour or two of ragtime. They played the "Trail" over and over. Then, too, Mr. Elliott made a point of playing it in the various music stores when purchasing music. Such faith in his song's ultimate appeal was finally rewarded—a man asked what it was and who wrote it. Upon being told, he advised Elliott to take it to West & Company, where the song was accepted, the composer to pay the expense of the initial printing.

And thus happened the "Trail's" first publication in England. Later it was brought out by Witmark of New York.

Biographically speaking, Alonzo (Zo) Elliott, was born at Manchester, New Hampshire, May 25, 1891. At an early age he showed a leaning toward composition, and, at fourteen, while a pupil of St. Paul's School, Concord, had published what he characterizes as a "hideous composition named 'Tulips,'" and of which he says copies are now "fortunately" extinct. "Captain of the Crew" was his next ambitious work, published at his fond father's expense. He entered Phillips Academy, Andover, in 1907, and while there wrote and published the football song, "Phillipian March," which still remains a favorite at Andover. He entered Yale College in 1909, where he did much in the line of original composition for fraternity plays, in collaboration, as previously stated, with Stoddard King. He never wrote anything for the university except a waltz, "Le Masque," which was played at a Yale prom. Undergraduate distinction came to Zo Elliott as a writer of poetry when he won the Chi Delta Theta triangle for five poems published in the *Yale Literary Magazine*.

In the spring of 1914, nearly a year after his graduation, he went to Stresa, Italy, whence he started on a long walking trip with a Yale chum. He was at Heidelberg when the war broke out, and left Germany for home via Switzerland, France and England. Returning to America, he placed the United States rights to his song, then stayed at home in Manchester for a year and a half, studying harmony and counterpoint with the composer, Walter M. Lewis. During the winter of 1915 he wrote the melodies of "The World Was Made for You and Me," published by West of London, and "There's a Wee Cottage

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on the Hillside" (West, London; and Witmark, New York).

He entered Columbia Law School in 1915, remaining there until April, 1917, having attended the Plattsburg Training Camp in June, 1916. At the outbreak of the war, he entered the First Provisional Training Regiment at Plattsburg. Upon his honorary discharge there, he attended a private school for aviation, until he met with a serious injury to his hand from the propeller of the machine.

Besides being a composer of proven mettle, he is a poet, also the possessor of a lyric tenor voice, which he has had trained under the eminent Russian singer and teacher, Willy de Sadler, in New York.

One of his experiences at Plattsburg is amusing. The band, he said, always played at reveille, and when, one morning, "Trail" was played, it

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took the curse out of "I can't get 'em up." He was delighted to notice that on their way to mess the boys whistled it. On the following day, also. But not so Elliott's bunkie, who remarked disgustedly, between yawns and stretchings, "Elliott, there's that d— tune again!" Thus doth it happen, many times and oft!

But Zo Elliott is no limelight seeker. Indeed, his friends accuse him of being like the maker of —mouse-traps, wasn't it?—he, of whom it was said that the world must needs make its own path to his door.

The Francis Joseph Vernon prize, offered for the best poem expressive of Yale ideals, life, and associations, was, on May 5 last, awarded to "There's a Long, Long Trail," which award was by way of breaking a long-established precedent.

Perhaps the most eloquent tribute to the song is contained in Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson's "Carry On" (John Lane Company). In one of these "Letters in War Time" is found the following:

"... Our greatest favorite (song) is one which is symbolizing the hopes that are in so many hearts on this greatest battlefield in history. We sing it under shell-fire as a kind of prayer; we sing it as we struggle knee-deep in the appalling mud; we sing it as we sit by a candle in our captured deep German dug-outs. It runs like this"—then follows the chorus, quoted in full, with the added admonition, "You ought to be able to get it, and then you will be singing it when I'm doing it."

This advice has been universally followed. The amateur or professional musician of whatsoever persuasion, who doesn't know "Long, Long Trail" these days suffers a decided falling off in popularity. When John McCormack sings to his countless thousands, one of the most-called-for encores is the "Trail." Seldom—I almost said never—is he allowed to escape without singing it. And he is always more than willing to give again and again his remarkable rendition. The parlor phonograph plays over and over Victor Record 64695, which is the official designation of John McCormack's "Trail."

During a recent Liberty Loan drive entertainment at the Manhattan Hotel, New York, Zo Elliott auctioned off the playing of his song for \$1,000, an encore for \$100, and the chorus of the "Hillside" song for \$500. At the George M. Cohan Forty-Third Street Theatre, his singing of "Trail" brought \$5,000 for the Fourth Liberty Loan.

In July and August of this year he was with the regular army at Camp Vail, and in September was sent to City College, New York, to attend the Radio School there.

The stirring song, the pathetic song, written for the express purpose of its becoming the war song, perhaps for this very reason, somehow misses fire. The effort is there; the "machinery", one might say, is plainly apparent. The crude, broad treatment of war's tragedy is crassly theatrical. And the soldier going to war feels anything but a theatrical figure. He must have genuine sentiment, or none at all. Clap-trap and crocodile tears are not for him. "Long, Long Trail" is sincere, genuine. Its power, its appeal, lies not so much in the picture it paints as in its infinite suggestiveness. It offers opportunity for the individual conception, and it is easy to believe that each singer may have a different one—his "long, long trail" may lead in quite another direction from that of his comrade. To some it means the great adventure; to some the long road which has no turning, and to some the trail leads home.

It is all there in the chorus—Mr. King's words express it as does Mr. Elliott's melody—the dreams and the nightingale and the pale moon—all waiting for "dreams come true."

Close-ups of the Secretaries' Secretaries

Continued from page 542

the outbreak of the war between this country and Germany has Mr. Claggett been secretary to Mr. McAdoo, in that capacity accompanying him on the various trips incident to the first, second, and third Liberty Loan campaigns.

With the creation of the Railroad Administration, Mr. Claggett was appointed private secretary to the Director General of Railroads. Mr. McAdoo has one staff of assistants as Secretary of the Treasury and another as Director General of Railroads. Business appertaining to each position is taken care of in separate offices; and so far as possible the work incident to each position is entirely differentiated from that of the other.

Mr. Brice Claggett was born in Washington, but lived for many years at Linden, Maryland. He was educated in the public schools of Washington and Maryland, and Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania. While at high school in

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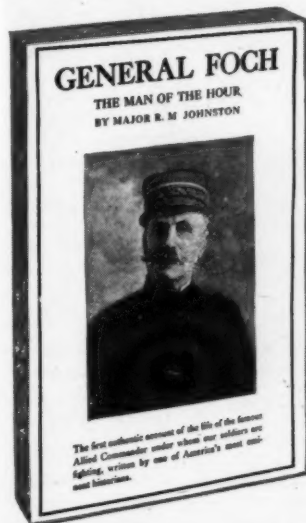
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Washington, he was colonel of the Washington High School Cadets. Most of his life has been spent in newspaper work, beginning his career in Sioux City, Iowa, in 1910. He was connected with several papers in the Middle West, returning to Washington a few years ago. For three years he was the White House correspondent of the Associated Press, in which capacity he accompanied President Wilson on all of the trips he made out of Washington during that time.

Pleasing of presence, cordial of manner, and with marked ability, it is no wonder that Mr. Claggett was chosen by Secretary McAdoo as his aide in the new duties devolving upon him as Director General of Railroads. And this, in itself, was distinctly a compliment, for the problems which faced the newly-created administration were of such proportions as to try the mettle of the most experienced.

When the Secretary of Agriculture appointed a private secretary, he made his choice from the Department. He believed H. F. Fitts was the "fit" man for the position, and Mr. Fitts it was. Connected with the Department of Agriculture since 1909, having served for four years in the office of Solicitor, Mr. Fitts was executive clerk to the chief of the Bureau of Chemistry for a year and a half, and later executive clerk to the Secretary of Agriculture for two years. He has served Secretary Houston as private secretary for the past two years.

Graduated from Georgetown University in 1912, Mr. Fitts has made good use of his legal training as private secretary. He was born in Lockport, New York, and attended school there. He accepted his first position with the International Railway Company in Buffalo, where he stayed until 1909, when he determined upon a Washington career and chose the Department of Agriculture as the one most fitted for his ability. Under Secretary Houston, he has become familiar with all the intricate work of farms and farming that has grown in importance because of war conditions.

When Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, came to Washington, he was looking for a young man trained to be a real assistant. He appointed Joseph J. Cotter private secretary when he entered the Interior Department. Educated in the schools of Washington, graduating from Georgetown University Law School in 1914 as president of his class, he is one of the few native Washingtonians holding office. He first entered the government service in the quartermaster branch of the War Department, and then was transferred to the General Land Office, to assist in the adjudication of public land claims. He was sent to New Mexico with the Forest Service on work of a similar nature, returning to the Interior Department well fitted for the work which he took up in 1913 as confidential clerk to Secretary Lane, then as assistant attorney and assistant superintendent of national parks. He now bears the responsibilities of private secretary of one of the busiest cabinet members.

The Interior Department is concerned with more varied activities than any other department of the government, handling, as it does, diverse matters ranging from public land pensions, Indians, and patents, national parks and mines. The Bureau of Education, the Geological Survey, the Reclamation Service, the territories of Hawaii and Alaska, and a number of eleemosynary institutions in the city of Washington are included in the Interior Department jurisdiction. Since the war this department has been actively co-operating with all agencies concerned with the prosecution of the war. Chemical investigations of various kinds thru the Bureau of Mines, war-mapping thru the Geological Survey, have been features of the work of the Interior that has come under the direction of the Secretary.

Mr. Cotter's varied experiences in the Secretary's office and in the bureau of the Department especially fitted him for the exactions of his present position, for Secretary Lane gives personal attention to the tremendous volume of business that flows in and out of the Interior Department. With his additional duties as

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said a traveling salesman friend of mine the other day—and he meant it. Claimed he had been giving Mennen's Shaving Cream a fair trial for a week, and it fell short of my claims about 103%.

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"Wash it off!" I said. "You are making paste—not lather. Start all over."

Then I took charge.

He started with about one-half inch of cream and all the water his brush would hold. As soon as a lather was whipped up, he kept adding water until he had built a lather as light as beaten whites of eggs. He worked this lather in with the brush for three full minutes.

Say! I wish you could have seen the expression of dawning appreciation that showed in his eyes as the old scythe began to sing through the stubble.

"Gosh! Jim," he said, after the first over, "I haven't had such a shave since that old darky head barber at the Planters' Hotel retired, fifteen years ago."

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Is Your Blood Starving for Want of Iron?

Modern Methods of Cooking and Living Have Made an Alarming Increase in Iron Deficiency in Blood of American Men and Women

WHY NUXATED IRON SO QUICKLY BUILDS UP WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN-DOWN FOLKS—Over 3,000,000 People Annually Taking it in This Country Alone to Increase Their Strength, Power, Energy and Endurance.

"Is your blood starving for want of iron? Iron is red blood food. If you were to go without eating until you became weak, thin and emaciated, you could not do a more serious harm to yourself than when you let your blood literally starve for want of iron—iron that gives it strength and power to change food into living tissue," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital.

"Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made such an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women that I have often marveled at the large number of people who lack iron in the blood, and who never suspect the cause of their weak, nervous, run-down state. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. It may also transform a beautiful, sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles without ever realizing the real and true cause of their trouble. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes thru the body, something like corn thru an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"For want of iron you may be an old man at thirty, dull of intellect, poor in memory, nervous, irritable and all 'run-down,' while at fifty or sixty, with plenty of iron in your blood, you may still be young in feeling, full of life, your whole being brimming over with vim and energy.

"As proof of this take the case of Former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential nominee, Charles A. Towne, who, at past fifty-eight, is still a veritable mountain of tireless energy. Senator Towne says: 'I have found Nuxated Iron of the greatest benefit as a tonic and regulative. Henceforth I shall not be without it. I am in a position to testify for the benefit of others to the remarkable and immediate helpfulness of this remedy, and I unhesitatingly

recommend Nuxated Iron to those who feel the need of renewed energy and the regularity of bodily functions.'

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy, rosy-cheeked women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go thru a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron, simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products, and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron." In commenting upon the value of Nuxated Iron as a means for creating red blood, strength, and endurance, Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author, says:

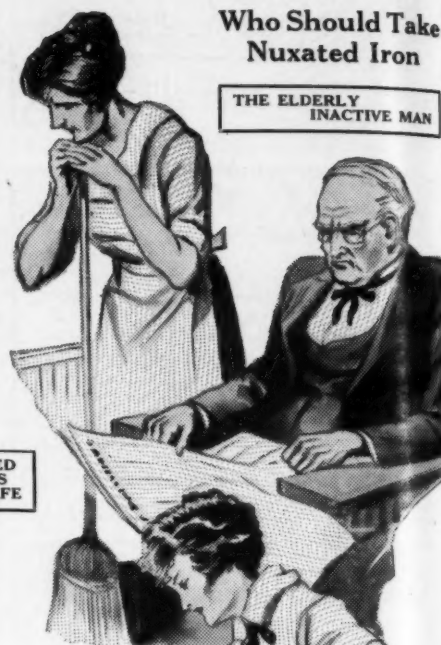
"Scarcely a day goes by but that I see women whose careworn faces, dragging steps, and generally weak, tired appearance show unmistakable signs of that anemic, run-down condition usually brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

"There can be no strong, healthy, beautiful women without iron and inasmuch as refining processes and modern cooking methods remove the iron of Mother Earth from so many of our most common foods, this iron deficiency should be supplied by using some form of organic iron just as we use salt when our food has not enough salt.

"Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes

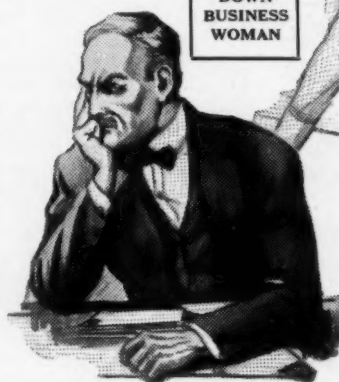
Who Should Take Nuxated Iron

THE ELDERLY INACTIVE MAN



THE TIRED NERVOUS HOUSE WIFE

THE RUN-DOWN BUSINESS WOMAN



THE EXHAUSTED BUSINESS MAN

thru you without doing you good, and as a consequence you become weak, pale, and sickly-looking, just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. Pallor means anaemia. The skin of an anaemic woman is pale, the flesh

flabby. The memory fails, and often they become weak, nervous, irritable, despondent and melancholy. Give such a woman a short course of Nuxated Iron and she often quickly becomes an entirely different individual—strong, healthy, and rosy-cheeked. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe, aggravated conditions, with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, which is used by Dr. Sullivan and others with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

member of the Council of National Defense, Secretary Lane and his private secretary are two of the busiest officials in Washington.

A man in Washington thoroly in love with his work is Edward E. Britton, private secretary to Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. He has been associated with Secretary Daniels so long that he can almost anticipate every motion of the chief. However perplexing the situation he may be called upon to meet, he is always courteous. Britton could not be otherwise, and Britton's courtesy is natural—not merely office manner or policy. His heartiness is infectious, and the glow of cheer in the Navy Department is quite refreshing these frigid days.

Britton has a "peep-hole" in the Secretary's door so he can tell just what the chief is doing. He can determine when to enter, during an important conference with admirals, captains, or the various boards; also, he is thus enabled to allow the Secretary to see the right people at the right time and so facilitate the routine rush.

The Navy Department is one Cabinet office where the doors swing often, for Josephus Daniels keeps in close touch with the public pulse. His conscientious work and watchfulness, not only of the personnel, but the morale of the Navy, has made the public realize that what Admiral Dewey said was true—he is proving one of the most able Secretaries the Navy ever had—and in the long years that Admiral Dewey was associated with the Navy Department he was in position to appreciate, more and more, the true value of such conscientiousness.

Edward E. Britton was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, on December 10, 1864, the family removing to Charleston, South Carolina, in 1869, where he was educated in the city schools and Charleston College. He became a teacher and was at the head of graded schools in North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. As an officer of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly, he was one of a small group that organized the Southern Educational Association. He was active in educational affairs until 1898, when he assisted in organizing a company to take part in the Spanish-American War. He was lieutenant and captain of this company, but never saw any regular service, as the company never got out of North Carolina, later disbanding.

Mr. Britton has not lost his interest in educational work, and he is now one of the directors of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College at Greensboro, North Carolina, a leading institution for young women.

Mr. Britton comes of a long line of newspaper ancestry. His grandfather, Edward H. Britton, was editor of the *Daily Bulletin* of Charlotte, North Carolina, during the Civil War, and later was editor of a leading daily in Charleston, South Carolina. His father, Mr. J. E. Britton, was a newspaper editor in Charlotte and in Charleston. Mr. Britton, after having been vice-president of the North Carolina Press Association, was president of that organization in 1916, and under his direction the first Newspaper Institute ever held in North Carolina, and perhaps the first in the South, was conducted at the State University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill.

His newspaper career was begun as editor of the *Wilson, North Carolina, News*, and in 1901 he became a reporter on the *Raleigh, North Carolina, News and Observer*, the paper belonging to Secretary Daniels. Later he became city editor, managing editor, associate editor, and when Daniels became a member of the Wilson Cabinet in 1913, editor-in-chief. He held that position until September, 1917, when he accepted the position of private secretary to the Secretary of the Navy.

When some twenty-five counties of western North Carolina were storm-swept in 1916, Mr. Britton was appointed by the governor of the state as chairman of the Storm Relief Committee, and under his direction over \$100,000 was raised and expended for relief of the sufferers.

Mr. Britton's political experience has been of long standing. He was permanent secretary of the Democratic National Convention at Baltimore in 1912, and associate secretary of the Democratic National Convention in 1916 at

St. Louis, being a delegate to that convention from North Carolina. He has always been a Democrat of the "fighting stock," and one of the men who fought for the nomination and election of Woodrow Wilson. He is an enthusiastic worker in civic movements; a Mason and a Shriner. He believes in "folks" and a fair chance for every man and woman. He does not hesitate to say he is in favor of Woman Suffrage and Prohibition, and as for the war—well, his own words express his feelings best: "It is a foregone conclusion that the Allies will win and that the Star Spangled Banner boys 'over there' will have a big part in the victory." The big thing in life, he maintains, is "to have friends."

For many years the readers of the *Chicago Record-Herald* and the Middle West felt a personal acquaintance with John T. Suter—Washington correspondent. For over twenty-five years he has enjoyed the confidence of many public men, and his popularity among Washington correspondents was indicated in his selection as president of the National Press Club. As private secretary to Attorney General McReynolds, he has brought to this position that detailed knowledge of affairs so essential in the subtle questions that are coming up in these times with the Department of Justice as the real source of the Committee on Safety from the work of spies. His acquaintance among public men has made him in great demand at the national convention of both political parties.

Starting in newspaper work with the late William E. Curtis, assisting him in the first International American Conference, out of which grew the Bureau of American Republics, Mr. Suter has been active in national affairs. There was only a short interim in which he has not continued his newspaper work, and that was when he conducted the Latin-American Bureau at the World's Fair in Chicago. His grandfather came to Washington in 1800, and his father was a native of the Capital City. Mr. Suter was also born in Washington, so that he has a feeling of the atmosphere of Washington. In the Department of Justice he has been pushing the work night and day. Late in the evening he is to be found at his office caring for the additional work accumulated in the Department of Justice because of war conditions. With his wide range of knowledge of all other departments, Mr. Suter has been able to give valuable service to his chief.

In the Department of Commerce, private secretary U. Grant Smith has had to meet men identified with the large business operations of the country, for it is here that all sorts of wage, labor and tariff statistics are brought for assimilation. In the efficient handling of this work Mr. Smith, who hails from Brooklyn, New York, has served Secretary Redfield from the time of his appointment. Formerly secretary to Representative Dunwell, Smith is thoroly conversant with the various ramifications of the Department's business. While holding the above-mentioned position, he was accorded the unusual privilege of appearing before committees and presenting bills, which gave him an extensive acquaintance in Congress and further fitted him for his present work.

No matter how numerous or insistent the callers at the Department of Commerce, he handles the problems which they present with a degree of courtesy and sincerity which inspires confidence. His command of statistical detail was gained as manager of a large business enterprise in New York, and the conduct of his duties is imbued with the desire to "help the other fellow with his problems." At one time president of the Bible Class of the Metropolitan Church in Washington, and director of the Exchange Bank, Mr. Smith brings to his work a wide experience in dealing with men, and a broad-gauge vision, as evidenced by his personal survey of lighthouse and steamboat inspection services, and other vital subjects which come within the jurisdiction of the Department of Commerce.

The private secretary to Secretary of Labor Wilson is Edward S. McGraw, a native of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. He is a graduate of

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St. Joseph's High School of Williamsport. After studying law he was admitted to practice before the courts of his native county at the age of twenty-one, and for four years was assistant city solicitor of Williamsport. He has also been admitted to practice before the higher courts of Pennsylvania and the United States Supreme Court. He was confidential secretary to the Secretary of Labor from May 20, 1913, until appointed private secretary on September 16, 1917.

Mr. McGraw is a man whose experience and conception of present-day intricacies of labor matters has enabled him to serve well his chief. The labor problem has been one of the vital questions in connection with the war program.

Our Returned Heroes

Continued from page 545

bayonet at a Hun and he will give up," says Damron. "All the time the fighting consisted in running from one shell hole to another. I had very little 'sticking' to do. You could get them with a rifle bullet first."

It was Private Damron and two of his companions who obtained the information that the Prussian Guards had been summoned to stop the Marines, and that these famous German troops were going to attack at a certain hour.

"On the morning of the 13th we saw a German lying a few yards ahead of us. We brought him in. He must have had twenty-five wounds in his arms and legs without being hit in a vital spot. This fellow told us when the Prussian Guards were coming, and we soon relayed back the information to our leaders.

"And that night they began their attack. Let me say right at the start that they didn't budge us an inch. The reception they were given made what few were left forsake all idea of further attacks.

"The action certainly was hell. We counter-attacked immediately. It wasn't but a short time when shrapnel got me in the left foot and put me out of action."

Private F. E. Steck, of Camden, New Jersey, is twenty. His company did not charge at Chateau-Thierry until June 11, but this young Marine was not idle while in reserve. He and two sergeants succeeded in sneaking out at night and bringing back wounded Marines they found

in the battle area. Private Steck does not know whether his officers learned of these nightly "desertions." The trio were able to rescue several companions in this manner.

Private H. R. Craven, of Cottage Grove, Tennessee, escaped without injury during the fighting from June 6 to 14. While on his way back from Chateau-Thierry, shrapnel fragments hit him in the left leg and right foot. The left leg had to be amputated.

"We went thru two heavy barrages," says Craven. "Once a few of us found an abandoned Chauchath which we repaired and put into action. We came in contact with many Germans, who were allowed to surrender. One of the boys gave a wounded German some chocolate. Fritz could not understand why the Americans were so good to him. He was told curtly that only the Germans acted like rattlesnakes."

Sergeant David Bates of Swainton, New Jersey, was wounded on June 1 as the Marines arrived at Chateau-Thierry. Fragments of the same shell struck eleven men, killing one. His right shoulder was torn. He has been in the service eighteen years.

Letters from the Boys at the Front

Continued from page 552

out of a clear sky. It took only one day for them to notify me and the next day I was here assuming my duties. I am relieving a second lieutenant. Now just what is involved? I am in charge of this town, which quarters quite a few troops—as high as four figures. I have under me a clerk and a sanitary inspector, also, in conjunction with me, a French lieutenant and two other French soldiers. I have to assign all the troops to their billets and see that the people receive proper recompense for the same. Also, I give the officers their places—even majors and captains come to me for their assignments. The Town Major is quite an important fellow. I even have to go with the frantic old French women and adjust the differences which they have with the troops who annoy them in one way or another.

One reason, I suppose, which contributed to my landing this was my ability to speak French. I have to laugh when I think how I—would get along with these French women jabbering French a mile a minute. Sometimes I am glad I don't understand all they say. I believe I shall be equal to my job, but, believe me, it is rather lonesome, for I must hold myself aloof from the men and watch my steps, or I will lose control of the whole thing; on the other hand, I cannot associate with the officers, as I am not a commissioned officer. Some job, I should say.

I received my baptismal fire before I came here. Monday morning, June 23, I was awakened by the "tut-tut-tut" of one of our machine guns. I said to myself, "There must be some Germans around, but turned over and tried to go to sleep. About five minutes later the heavy guns began. They were right close by, too. How they did boom and the shells whistle. The lieutenant rushed into the room and flashing his searchlight spoke thus: "The S. O. S. signal has gone up. He's coming over and may reach here any minute now." Imagine that about 3 a.m. I got up immediately and was shaking so I could hardly put my shoes on. I will admit I was thoroly scared, and while I hate to admit it, I really said to myself, "Gee, why did I ever come over here, anyway?" I put on my belt with ammunition, grabbed my rifle and ran out the door. I was still shaking and the coolness of the morning did not help me very much to cool down, for my shaking soon turned to shivering. However, after about five minutes I controlled myself and became accustomed to the turmoil of booming guns, whistling shells, rifles rattling and the steady "purr" of the machine guns. Star shells and rockets lit the sky. It was certainly some excitement, but Fritz never got to us and we retired again about 4.30 a.m., but the artillery kept up their booming intermittently as a kind of suitable finish to the whole affair. I suppose it had to end with one side or the other having

the last word, and it seemed as tho each was disputing for that privilege. However, that stuff is over for me as long as I hold this place here.

There is in my town here a Salvation Army hut and the U. S. commissary store, and a Y. M. C. A. hut is just across the street. I am well supplied with magazines and someone is always jingling at the piano. The windows being wide open, the songs dance right in over my desk, so you see there is no reason why I should not be quite happy now. Taps, with its slow, restful notes is reminding me that my cot awaits me. Will write again soon.

SERG. W. S. S.

"Sleep? Oh, no! That's impossible. . . . The strain of the days grow, but we are in fine condition yet; one never knows his strength."

That's the spirit of the Marines written to the "home folks" by a member of the 5th Regiment. His description of the fight would be a credit to the most famous war correspondent:

Dearest Mother, Father and All: It seems queer, all is so peaceful and quiet here. It is like a dream to me. This place is immense, and the grounds are beautiful, and everybody so kind. There are a great many of the Marines here from my regiment, and some from my company. First, I must tell you I am getting along fine. There is no cause for you to worry. Do you care if I tell you just how it happened?

We had been on the line for four days at one spot when we were moved to the district known as Chateau Thierry, the scene of the heaviest fighting I have known. In the early morning before we went in, we could see all along the road the boys coming from the line; the boys who had been wounded coming back to the dressing station, with that big American smile. Some were moving ahead with square head precision, bayonets fixed. It certainly made us eager to take up our position. Finally the word came to move, and into the line we went. The days that followed seem incomprehensible, such bombarding, such machine gun fire, and such fighting on the part of our boys, still with determination, that smile always radiant. The boys kept on going, always taking ground and giving none. It was the most wonderful sight in the world to see the boys go over the top, while the Boche machine guns were spitting a terrible fire, the boys dropping, wounded, and out like some great thing mowing them down—still on they went, while we took up our position to support. Then came long hours of bombardment, such as I never before conceived. It was a continuous roar, rumble and shriek; I don't know of a single fellow who showed "yellow" during those trying hours. We dug in as soon as possible, each man his own hole. I had no entrenching tool, being a rifle grenadier, so I used my bayonet and the lid of my mess pan, going down about five feet, throwing up the dirt as a breast work. I dug into the side then, room enough to lie cramped, with good cover; had just about finished when they threw up a barrage on our works, the shells, shrapnel and high explosive both landing almost in the pits. I don't remember how long it kept up. The explosions were deafening, the screams and the whistle of the shells beat a tattoo on our ears—a devil's orchestra—it sounded like all hell let loose. Finally, little by little, the noise dropped off, evening was setting in, and the sun, a big glowing ball of fire, riding on the tree tops of a distant wood; with an occasional boom and scream, the battle field settled down for the night. What would the morning bring? No one knew. At last the sentries are posted and the patrol moves out to its post. Our safety depends on the alertness and vigilance of the men. Sleep? Oh, no! That's impossible. We can't sleep with so much work yet to do. The strain of the days grows great, but we are in fine condition yet; one never knows his strength.

Private Richard K. Kennedy, of the 6th Regiment of Marines tells how the French people welcomed the Marines in Paris on July 4th, 1918, in a letter to his brother:

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It was wonderful the way the people treated us. There were cheers and flowers coming from everywhere. You ought to see this place where I am writing this. It's one of the most beautiful places in France, and it's all Mother Nature's own products, too. It is very seldom a shell makes its way here so one can get a night's sleep without being disturbed. Last evening was our first one here. So when the word came to seek billets, you ought to have seen the grand rush for some of the buildings that possessed real beds. I thought I'd give my bones a real treat, and planted them in the said article. But it proved too much for them and must have laid awake for hours. I was afraid I'd have to go back to the old standby, the hard, hard ground, or graniteoid, which I have been making good use of for the past months. The latter makes a darn good bed, too, brother. I had a real treat the 4th of July. I spent it in Paris. (Spent a little more than the day—darn little.) For

the second time in my life I was lucky and drew a winning number. July 3rd our platoon commander came around and selected nine men, and five of these nine were to go. Nothing left but to draw straws. Little did I think Richard would get a long one. Well, this time I fooled them, was lucky enough to get the article. It was but a short time and we were on our way. The evening of the 3rd found us in Paris, a big band and a vast crowd there to meet us. We hiked a few kilos and were then at our camp; after eating a bit, cleaned ourselves up and hit the hay, as a day's riding on these trains here is too much. The following morn found us up bright and early arranging our toilet for the big parade. We left camp about 8.30 and hiked to our meeting place. The band hit up a good old march, and we were ready to hike all over France. It was wonderful the way the people treated us. There were cheers and flowers coming from everywhere. The streets were covered

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SMAK PIES

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with flowers several inches thick. There were several big events, one of them was the re-naming of a certain boulevard. It was changed to President Wilson Boulevard and was decorated beautifully. Old Glory was unfurled everywhere. Even on the tower. Most everyone wore the American flag, and all had plenty of smiles for the boys. After the parade was over, a big dinner was given by one of the large ammunition plants. After the boys had their fill they had to step off a few dances. In the evening the boys went sightseeing. We visited a number of places of note and must say it's a beautiful place.

Affairs and Folks

Continued from page 558

around Boston, all of which seemed to have a practical purpose. It was not realized until they had gone over the ground that sixty-five per cent of all the woolen goods and fifty-eight per cent of the cotton goods made in the country were manufactured in this area. The project of the government taking over the Cape Cod Canal is counted but the forerunner of canal dreams of Brockton, Taunton and other manufacturing places south, but the climax was reached in the tour to Lowell and Lawrence, where the industrial activities indicated century-old canal dreams that looked practical once more. The party stopped en route at Lexington, and at this historic spot on Lexington Green a memorable meeting was held.

The auto tour from here covered the hives of industry that should be linked up with waterways. The Wood Mill, monument to the woolen industry, was an impressive suggestion of the magnitude and growth of the woolen industry alone. The mayor and citizens of Haverhill, Lawrence and Lowell greeted the delegation, and what a fitting close to a perfect day when the party visited the birthplace of John Greenleaf Whittier.

The drive concluded with Newburyport and North Shore, and altogether the days were a revelation of what must be done in order to neutralize the higher prices, for the prices of commodities are, after all, determined largely on a transportation basis, for the gathering together of materials of manufacture and shipment and distribution is as much of importance in economic production as the labor and overhead factory cost.

"As One Who Loves His Fellow-men"

Continued from page 547

them to keep their filthy dollars! We'd rather starve than take them!" Indeed, indeed does the spirit count. As the old rhyme says:

'Tis the spirit in which the gift is rich,
As the gifts of the Wise Men were.

And it's the spirit, the fighting spirit, the giving spirit, the we're-behind-you spirit of the American people which is keeping the heart in the men who face the Hun fire on the front lines. And it is this same spirit, of which the American Red Cross expects to find concrete evidence in overwhelming numbers thru its soon-to-be-launched second Christmas Roll Call. The organization especially emphasizes the fact that the drive, which is scheduled for the week of December 16, is not to be primarily a call for funds. What is desired, and what must be obtained, is the red-blooded and full-muscled co-operation of millions of American citizens "that the terms of victory shall not be qualified or modified by the insufficiency of necessities for our troops abroad."

The purpose is stated in no uncertain terms: "The Christmas Roll Call is for every American who wishes to see the Allies win the war—and win it right. But to win a war and win it fully requires more than mere men and money. Unless the forces which go to win great conflicts are co-ordinated and focused, most of the energy expended is lost. Because of its experience and the facilities afforded it by this and other allied

governments, the American Red Cross is peculiarly qualified and equipped to act with intelligence and promptness."

President Wilson, who is president of the American Red Cross as well as of the nation, has said: "I summon you to comradeship."

"Comradeship"—the men in the army know full well what that word means in its true sense, and we at home are here given an opportunity, nay, called, to share in its warm humanity.

To us at home the "Red Cross" may mean a button on a coat lapel. It may mean a beautiful headquarters building in Washington and local organizations made up of hundreds of men and women whom money could not hire—men and women, many of them, who have sacrificed their personal fortunes, their careers, and their flesh and blood unflinchingly. It may mean the benefits, bazars and bandage-making features so familiar in every American town and city. In brief, those of us at home see but the machinery of the organization, with, here and there a glimpse, a peep-hole, as it were, of the wider vision; the splendid things which this same machinery enables its overseas cogs to accomplish.

"Over there" on the battlefield of Chateau-Thierry, as well as elsewhere, the Red Cross has a vastly different significance. It means there the healing of wounds, the ambulance work, the nurses and the surgeons; it means a cup of hot coffee and a sandwich, perhaps a "hot dog" at a front-line canteen. It means a warm glow about the heart of the soldier in knowing that the sole aim and purpose of the Red Cross is to care for his needs and those of his comrades.

The hand of succor which the American Red Cross extends across the seas is the hand of the average American man and woman. No matter where our soldiers may be, whether they are en route to the battlefield or crawling out of the mud of the trenches, that hand is *there*. It both feeds and clothes them. It reaches into the hospitals where they lie suffering, gives them medicines and cools their foreheads with the touch of kinship and love. It is the hand of the mother, the father, the sister, wife and sweetheart that the sufferer feels. It picks up the mutilated, and, as near as man can do, makes them whole. It restores the walls of destroyed villages, leads the homeless refugees to safety and shelter, lifts the orphan from the dust, and buries the dead.

And every man, woman and child who belongs to it and works for it is a sinew of its hand!

In the first Christmas Roll Call of 1917, over twenty-two million members were enrolled, besides the eight million youthful citizens who constituted the Junior Red Cross. With the heart and soul of the country so much more intimately concerned with the war, a doubling, a trebling of last year's record should not seem an improbability.

And it is thus that, in the making up of this record, will be written the names of those that love their fellow-men. The recording angel may not write "in a book of gold," but the spirit is the same as when old Abou's name was thus written. Verily, then, it might be repeated that:

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed—
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

In Reply to "They Signal for Books"

Continued from page 550

In the overseas libraries this notice is conspicuously displayed:

These books come to us overseas from home.
To read them is a privilege,
To restore them promptly, unabused, a duty.
—JOHN J. PERSHING.

The library is the secret, probably, of more promotions from private to "non com" than physical exertion on the drill field, or native receptivity. Drill they must, but outside study is as optional as it is beneficial. The library is a quiet place always, unlike the Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. huts, which frequently become too noisy

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OF COURSE—

The parade will be when the Boys come back, and naturally they will come up Summer Street from the South Station, and in doing so will pass our door. We will have our Service Flag out, showing the number of boys who have been, and are doing their all, and we expect to be able to greet them back to their old or better positions.



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for any sort of concentration. For this reason many come to the camp libraries for letter-writing.

So-called "Burleson Magazines"—the kind that you stick a one-cent stamp on without specifying the post office—come to these camp libraries in quantities, sometimes more than a hundred sacks a week.

It's a foregone conclusion that the camp librarian must know his business. Besides, he must be a "regular fellow," else the entire aim of the work is defeated. So it was no small task to supply these camp libraries with men who would meet all specifications. As evidence of the high standard set it is well to mention a few examples:

At Camp Beauregard is a professor of English, the librarian in a state institution, a man who knows how to use books constructively.

At Camp Bowie is the librarian of the New York State Public Library, formerly a newspaper man, a competent executive—a man who can meet men.

At Custer is a recent college graduate with library training, an efficient man and popular.

The librarian at Devens is secretary of the State Library Commission, a man of artistic sense, very enthusiastic. He decorates his library in attractive color schemes. He also has a notable collection of pictures which he uses in a camouflage exhibit.

The man in charge of books at Dodge was formerly head of a department in the New York Public Library, and is now the librarian of a western city. He is the possessor of a well-developed vein of poetry.

At Doniphan, the camp librarian is officially the librarian of one of the large colleges, a man who went into training for a lieutenantcy in the army and was rejected at the last minute because of a physical defect. He was offered a commission in the quartermaster's department, but refused any job that would not take him into the front line. He expects to go overseas before long.

The Funston librarian has charge of a neighboring library, and, like many others, is loaned for half of his time to the camp work. He is a well-known publicity man, a collector of first editions. And what is true of these camps holds good in them all.

In June of this year the American Library Association statistics were compiled with the following splendid showing:

Camp library buildings erected.....	36
Large camp libraries established.....	41
Hospitals and Red Cross houses supplied with books.....	91
Librarians in service.....	212
Small military camps and posts equipped with books.....	237
Naval and marine stations supplied with libraries.....	249
Branches and stations in Y. M. C. A. and K. of C. barracks and mess halls.....	1,323
Books shipped overseas.....	285,310
Books purchased, largely technical.....	411,505
Gift books in service.....	2,100,000
Magazines distributed (April estimate).....	5,000,000

The overseas distribution covers the following centers:

The Army

- (1) Combat troops
- (2) Training camps and schools
- (3) Lines of communication, including construction men, guards, stevedores, etc.
- (4) Headquarters and detached units

The Navy

- (1) Vessels
- (2) Ship bases
- (3) Mine bases
- (4) Aviation bases (along a line of amazing length)

The Army and Navy collectively.

- (1) Recreation centers
- (2) Hospitals
- (3) In captivity

Talking to Labor in a New Tone

Continued from page 560

of the unions and of unorganized labor worked heartily together on these committees. Dr. Percy H. Woodall, a broad-minded citizen of Birmingham, served as general chairman.

To the general public, this Alabama "home products" dinner, given by employers in honor of their employees at the Tutwiler Hotel, was merely an incident. Superintendent Williams

planned it as the most important feature of the celebration, and such it proved to be. The plan was unique.

The dinner gained additional distinction in that everything served except the coffee was produced in Alabama—home-made vegetable soup, radishes, pickles, fried chicken, baked Alabama ham, candied sweet potatoes, spinach, string beans, okra, corn on cob, Jefferson County tomato salad, corn pones and apple cake.

Every man in the dining-room rose to his feet and greeted Director-General Densmore, who said some very significant things:

"If I bring any important message to you it is this: That you continue as you have done, every one of you and each member of your families, in making the sacrifices which you have willingly and gladly made. It has been made possible during the past year thru these sacrifices that overwhelming disaster did not overtake the Allies.

"The workers and employers are engaged, every one, in carrying on the glorious progress of this war just as much as if they were over in France. I sometimes wonder if our men and women are giving a thought to the real importance of the work they are doing, of its effect on the boys 'over there,' of its weight in the final decision of this conflict.

"One of the remarkable incidents of this war is the happy disappearance of the conflict between employer and employee, and of the feeling of hatred of many an employee toward his employer.

In similar vein Mr. Densmore and the other speakers addressed a great crowd which assembled later in the evening in the amphitheater of Capitol Park. Despite the fact that a heavy rain descended within an hour before the time set for this great War Labor Efficiency rally, nearly ten thousand people ignored the threatening weather and the wet park benches to get within hearing of those who spoke. On one side were the blacks, and on the other the whites. It was distinctly a Southern assemblage, its character being emphasized when a chorus of five hundred negroes sang some of their old-time songs, with a harmony, sweetness and pathos which no other music in the world possesses. Boys' bands from both white and colored industrial schools were also on hand.

The best commentary upon the interest displayed is given in the statement that the majority of these people sat for four long hours, until midnight, vigorously applauding the successive speakers: Mr. Densmore, Superintendent Williams, Jerome Jones, Harris Dickson, Joe Mitchell Chapple, Professor W. S. Buchanan, president of the normal school for negroes at Huntsville, Alabama, and Dr. George E. Haynes, director of negro economics of the Department of Labor. Governor Henderson presided.

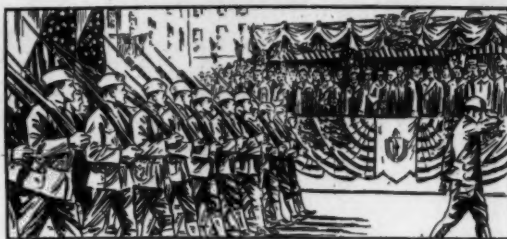
In his park address Director-General Densmore particularly emphasized that, profiting by the costly experience of England, the United States must come to use its women more and more in industry as the government more largely draws upon the man-power.

"The salvation of England lies in the hands of its women," he said, "and the same thing may become true of the United States."

Tho somewhat outside the scope of a magazine article and pertaining more to the functions of a newspaper, these incidents have been particularized for a purpose—not only to indicate the awakened spirit of the South, but to prove how easy it is to bring about a relation of harmony between employers and employees if the proper effort is put forth. The hope is that all this may be of suggestive value and may encourage similar movements in other industrial centers of the nation.

The situation we face in the United States today is just this: Labor is asking for a square deal, sometimes referred to as "a fair division of the profits of labor." The employing class looks fearfully upon the mounting wage scale and organizes to "resist the encroachments of labor." There must be a happy medium between the two extremes. It must be found. It can only be reached thru the medium of a better understanding, which will bring about a just recognition of rights and interests on both sides.

When the Boys Come Home!



The glorious day has been hastened by the prompt, liberal and cheerful giving of all Americans. Joyfully we turn from the shadows of war to thoughts of peace—to the day we will welcome back our absent heroes. And now if you have in mind the comforts of home, remember—

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